Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME VII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1873. NUMBER 19.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of ... Issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in Ebensburg, on Monday, the 2d day of June next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., ... estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of Ellen McNealy, Administrator of John Kennedy, late of Washington township, deceased.

The first and final account of Tobias L. Yoder, guardian of Jonas Yoder and Tobias Yoder, minor children of Jacob T. Yoder, late of Yoder township, deceased.

The second partial account of Mich'l H. Rager, administrator of the estate of Peter Rager, late of Jackson township, deceased.

The account of Christian Weaver, guardian of Sarah Hochstetler, a minor child of Peter Hochstetler, late of Richland township, dec'd.

The account of Jacob Singer, guardian of Wm. H. Horner, David J. Horner, Benj. F. Horner, Elmira Horner and Mary M. Horner, minor children of Jonas B. Horner, late of Conemaugh township, deceased.

The account of Christian Weaver, guardian of Lydia Hochstetler, a minor child of Peter Hochstetler, late of Richland township, dec'd.

The account of John Cox, administrator of Charles Helfrick, late of Woodvale borough, deceased.

The account of Paul McKenna, administrator of Mark McLaughlin, late of Washington township, deceased.

The first and final account of Jacob Trefts, administrator of J. Adam Trefts, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.

The first and final account of Catharine Gallagher, administratrix of Frank Gallagher, late of Millville borough, deceased.

The first and final account of Elizabeth Kammer, administratrix of Frederick Kammer, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.

The first and final account of J. T. Peterson, executor of Hiram Fritz, late of Susquehanna township, deceased.

The final account of Mary Shoemaker and Ellen S. Murray, executors of Edward Shoemaker, late of Ebensburg borough, dec'd.

The second and final account of Chas. Anna, guardian of Albert Glasser, a minor child of Francis Glasser, late of Chest township, dec'd.

The second and partial account of Chas. Anna, guardian of Ambrose, Augustine and Julia Ann Glasser, minor children of Francis Glasser, late of Chest township, deceased.

The final account of Henry Bender and D. A. Luther, executors of Americus Bender, late of Carroll township, deceased.

The account of James J. Will, administrator of Julia A. Will, late of Cambria county, dec'd.

The third and partial account of William H. Sechler, administrator of James M. Riffel, late of Summitville borough, deceased.

The first account of Thomas Carland, administrator of Patrick Carland, late of Washington township, deceased.

The first and partial account of E. J. Mills and Rees S. Lloyd, administrators of Stephen Lloyd, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased.

The first and final account of Robert Campbell, guardian of Margaret Switzler, a minor child of Jacob Bender, late of Carroll township, deceased.

JAS. M. SINGER, Register.
Register's Office, Ebensburg, May 5, 1873.-4t.

TRIAL LIST.—Causes set down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas, to be held at Ebensburg, for Cambria county, commencing on **Monday, June 2d, A. D. 1873:**

FIRST WEEK.

Morgan	vs. Holland.
Krise	vs. Hipps & Lloyd.
A. Lloyd & Co	vs. Beaujohn's Adm'r.
Rothrock & Frankel	vs. Callan.
Fish et. al	vs. Allenbaugh.
Fish et. al	vs. Allenbaugh.
Commonwealth	vs. Barnes Chs.
Maltzie	vs. Fringle.
Cowan	vs. Gates.
Haven & Co., for use	vs. McLaughlin.
Apple	vs. Williams & Brown.

SECOND WEEK.

Gates	vs. Wolf & Welshens.
Humphreys	vs. Ellen.
Trefts	vs. Pitts et. al.
Lloyd	vs. Somerville & Hipps.
Garrett's Adm'rs	vs. Collins.
McCrosain	vs. Hughes.
Cambria Iron Co	vs. Christy.
Patterson & Co	vs. Ivirse et. al.
Murphy	vs. Nutter.
McGonigle's Ex'rs	vs. Wilkens et. al.
Nutter	vs. Weakland.
Pitney & Simmons	vs. Stephenson & Co.
Myers & Co	vs. Kessler.
McGinnis	vs. Maloney.
Krise	vs. Neason.
O'Donnell et. al.	vs. Arble.
McGuire	vs. Wharton.
Black	vs. Howell.
Bendon	vs. Trexler.
Hipps & Lloyd	vs. Hafer.
O'Friel	vs. Sweeney.
Brotherline	vs. Youngkin.
Helfrick	vs. Hipps.
Jones	vs. Powell.
Ake	vs. Lloyd.
Tiley	vs. Allison.
Cree	vs. Lemke & Miller.

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, May 5, 1873.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors and the Treasurer and Collector of Carroll Township for the year 1872:

H. HOPPLE, *Supervisor*.....Dr.

To amount of Duplicate	$822 00
To Order on Treasurer	131 02
To Cash	17 48
	$970 50

Cr.

By Work done by Taxables	$801 52
By Cash	17 48
By Services as Supervisor	148 50—$970 50

A. LEOB, *Supervisor*.....Cr.

To amount of Duplicate	$656 41
To Orders	85 32
To Cash	22 68
	$764 41

Cr.

By Work done by Taxables	$633 73
By Cash	32 68
By Services as Supervisor	108 00—$764 41

JOS GAUNTNER, *Treasurer and Collector*, Dr.

To amount of Duplicate	$870 24

Cr.

By Exonerations	$ 5 02
By Orders paid	205 68
By Orders and per centage on collections	36 59—$247 59
Balance due Treasurer, &c	$622 65

We, the Auditors of Carroll Township, do certify that the above is a correct statement of the accounts of said Township.

J. J. THOMAS,
S. A. SHOEMAKER,
THOMAS KILIG,
Auditors.
J. J. THOMAS, Clerk. .5-16.-3t.]

LICENSE NOTICE.—Petitions for LICENSE to be presented at June Sessions, 1873:

TAVERN.

Clearfield Twp.—H. Marlett, G. A. Broneman, Croyle Township—Mich'l Gates, Frank Kurtz.
Carrolltown Borough—Paul Elwanger, Andrew H. Haug, Lawrence Schroth.
Chest Township—Thomas Ott, Geo. Crook.
Chest Springs Borough—Silas A. McGough.
Ebensburg Borough—John Fitzharris, West Ward; R. P. Linton & Son, East Ward.
Gallitzin Township—Michael Fitzharris, W. B. Macomber, Mich'l McMorris, Mathew Dignam, M. F. Kelly.
Loretto Boro'—Florian Bengele, F. X. Haid.
Summitville Borough—John C. Boland, Wm. Linton, Christian Reich.
Washington Township—Christopher Robine, George W. Mullin, Mrs. Annie Murphy, Jacob S. Kiel.
Wilmore Borough—George Wentroth, Joseph Horner, Valentine Maltzie.
White Township—John Younkin.

EATING HOUSE.

Carrolltown Borough—Julius Steich, Henry Blum.
Ebensburg Borough—Michael Latterner.
Munster Township—Christina Itel.
Washington Township—M. B. McLaughlin.
Wilmore Boro'—John Schroth, Peter Ermire, Patrick F. Kirby.

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, May 6, 1873.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of OTHO STYNER, dec'd.

Letters Testamentary on the estate of OTHO STYNER, late of Washington township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.

F. M. GEORGE,
JOSEPH CRISTE,
Executors.
Hemlock, May 16, 1873.-6t.*

BON-TON FLIRTATION SIGNALS. Sent on receipt of 25 cts. Unique Printing and Publishing House, 30 Vesey Street, N. Y.

DENTISTRY!

AT REDUCED RATES!

D. HOFFMAN, graduate of Dental Surgery, respectfully informs the public that he is permanently located in EBENSBURG, and solicits a share of the patronage of the people, after having had ample practice for a period of seven years, does not hesitate in saying that he can give perfect satisfaction in every case relating to the profession. Mechanical and Surgical Dentistry executed and scientifically performed. Teeth inserted from one to a full set, filling decayed teeth and extracted without pain. For information concerning prices, etc., call on High street, opposite the Mansion House, where may be examined samples of work, *which need only be seen to be appreciated*.
[may 25,-tf.]

RAWFORD HOUSE,

EBENSBURG, PA.

John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.

This well known and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now fully prepared to accommodate the public in a manner unsurpassed by any house in the county. The best the market affords will be served at all seasons, the Bar will be kept supplied with the choicest liquors, and the Stable will be under the care of a careful and attentive hostler. No pains will be spared to render guests comfortable, and every attention to business and a moderate charge the proprietor hopes to win his share of public favor.
(May 2, 1873.-tf.]

GEMS OF THE ALLEGHENIES!

JUST PUBLISHED:

A LIFE OF REV. DEMETRIUS GALLITZIN,

PRINCE AND PRIEST.

BY SARAH M. BROWNSON,

with an introduction by ORESTES A. BROWNSON, and a fine Portrait. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Price, $2.50.

JAS. B. DODGE,
23 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,

BANKERS,

Ebensburg, Pa.

Will receive money on deposit, discount notes and collect notes, and attend to all the business done by Bankers.

GEO. C. K. ZAHM Cashier.

JAMES NULL,

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE

OF

KERNEY & NULL,

Colonnade Row, Ebensburg, Pa.

Special attention paid to collections in all parts of the United States. [2-18-71.-tf.]

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

Ebensburg, Pa.

Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel, Ebensburg, Pa., West Ward.

All calls promptly attended to. [4-4.-tf.]

J. BUCK, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made at the residence of John Buck, Esq. [April 4, 1873.-tf.]

J. GALLITZIN LAKE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.

[ORIGINAL.]

"FOR THE NIGHT COMETH."

TO ——, BY LINNET.

Do you weep that the sun from your Heav'n is gone,
For a brief and starry night,
When you know that to-morrow the beautiful dawn
Will bring it again more bright?

Then mourn no more for the light of your home,
Gone down in the shades of even;
Still the star of hope, thro' the hours to come,
Will shine in your darken'd Heaven.

And, Oh! from the night of *her* sojourn here—
From the lonely, sorrowful way—
What joy to arise to a life more dear,
In the dawn of a perfect day!

More bright, more tender than ever on earth,
Her smile and her glance will be:
More clear than ever the hidden worth
Of her true life's ministry.

And as often at night, in her tireless love,
She bent o'er your sleeping brow,
Thus still does she watch from her home above
O'er the place of your exile now.

A MOUSE STORY.

LOVE AND SOFT SOAP.

Once "Bobbie Burns" wrote a poem about a nameless, nasty little beast which he saw creeping over a lady's bonnet in church. I always thought it was the foolishest thing to write a poem about. I don't think so now. I think Burns was very moderate to stop at one poem on the nameless little beast. Because I knew a certain little brute equally silly and senseless, equally diabolically pernicious, which a poet could write a whole Homer's Iliad about, twenty-four books complete. At least I'm positive one could make a Tennysonian King Arthur idyl of it.

The nasty little brute I refer to was a mouse. I can endure anything in this world better than mice. I can put up with a sneaking, yowling cat. I can even, yea, I do, take a sarcastic blowing up about being woman's right-ish, regularly once a month from the editor of the *Post*. And I don't stay awake o' night over it much. But a wretched, pusillanimous mouse with its petty thievery and its eternal, infernal nibble-nabble, sets me wild.

We had a most "ridiculous muss" at our house last week. We moved, a little while ago, and we hadn't put up our kitchen curtains yet. We had rolled them up in a roll, and tucked them behind the flour barrel. It wasn't neat to do that, but it was handy. Likewise a week ago we bought a nice new umbrella. It makes a family look respectable to have a nice umbrella. Well, we were demoralized yet, from moving; and by some means, I'll never pretend to say how it was—accidents will happin in the best regulated families—by some means that nice new respectable family umbrella got tucked behind the flour-barrel too. Again it wasn't neat, but it was handy.

In the course of time, last week, I came around to my kitchen curtains. After dinner one day, I started to put them up. Nelly fished them out from behind the flour-barrel for me. Nelly is a nice, pretty girl who is kin to us. Nelly fished the curtains out, and we unrolled 'em. And those two curtains were riddled and ruined from one end to the other. We had made up our minds that there weren't any mice in our nice new house, and so had relaxed that eternal vigilance which is the price of liberty. You should have seen those curtains. At the outside part where they had been rolled up, there was a big round hole. The hole in the next layer wasn't quite so big, the next hole was a little smaller still, and so on, each one smaller than the last, until these beautiful, fringy-edged holes reached the wooden roller, at the top. There the pesky mice had stopped. I suppose the roller made their teeth ache. There were fourteen holes in each curtain, from bottom to top, twenty-eight holes in the two curtains. I never in my life saw anything taper off as beautifully as those holes did. How I wish some man had been around to swear for me!

Wrathfully I dashed those open-work curtains upon the floor, and with a fateful sinking of the heart, drew from behind the flour-barrel my respectable new family umbrella. By the shield of Jupiter, that new umbrella was gone to flinders too! It was a ruined family umbrella. At that my feelings gave way wholly. I don't know what I mightn't have been tempted to say on my own hook, if at that moment George hadn't come in. (I always make it a point to "meet my husband with a smile," and if I can't smile I grin. One has about as much effect on him as the other.) I poked that respectable family umbrella at him and laughed wildly. I shook it distractedly to show him that it was not what it had been, and as I shook it thus insanely, behold! out popped the diabolical author of all our woes—a mouse.

Then we had a mouse-hunt.

George took the poker, Nelly took the broom, and I took an old boot. The hunt was more exciting than an Indian fox-hunt. We stamped upon the floor and whistled for the enemy to come out. He didn't do it. We tore the wash-bench from its fastenings, and the tubs, wash-board and clothes-basket skipped insanely about the floor. George poked with his poker. The mouse darted across the kitchen like lightning and ran into the cupboard. Nelly darted after him, and in mad haste snatched out tea-kettle, dinner-pots, sauce-pan, skillets, buckwheat cake griddles and bakepans; and pots and kettles executed a witches' dance alongside the tubs and wash-board. She even tore up from the bottom the brown paper which she puts there to keep the shelf nice.

The mouse ran down the tea-kettle spout.

The fight waxed hotter than the battle of Waterloo. I struck the tea-kettle a mighty blow with the old boot. It made a noise worse than the rattling of a car over the stony street. George poked valiantly into the tea-kettle with his poker. The mouse grunted. He poked yet again. The mouse skipped out and hopped into the potato-basket. I threw away the old boot, and made a dive for that mouse with my hands. My hands went into the potato-basket, and got the skin knocked off their knuckles. The mouse wasn't there. He was out o' that before you could disappear through a door when your beau comes and you haven't your hair combed. He jumped behind the flour-barrel.

Then came an "Iliad of woes." Then happened the catastrophe of this tale. It might be called "A Tale of a Mouse." We saw the mouse's tail sticking out from behind the flour-barrel. It was a small tail. We sought to grasp it, but we couldn't. It was both a small and slippery tail. We held a council of war. We arranged a profound strategic movement. George was to slide the flour-barrel out from the wall, and Nelly was to catch the mouse. I, being a slow old poke, was of no use in a plan requiring both speed and brilliant daring. I was a mere army-bummer. I was a chaplain of the regiment.

George is a tall man. He stands six feet when he has got the better of me in an argument. A nice ham hung moderately high up, suspended from the kitchen-shelf over the flour-barrel. A little distance below the ham, there sat upon another kitchen-shelf a pail of soft soap. Soft soap is one of the most useful articles in this world. But mark what befel our unhappy household, oh friend! and weep. George moved the flour-barrel slightly and and lifted up his head suddenly. His head struck the ham, and loosened it from its frail fastenings. The ham fell against the pail of soft soap, and upset it. The flour-barrel happened to be wide open. The ham by this time was tectotally plastered with soft soap. The ham and the soft soap went into the open flour-barrel. The rest of the soft soap went over Nelly's back and shoulders. George gave an insane plunge backward to avoid the soft soap and things, and caught his best trowsers upon a sharp nail, and tore an awful rent in 'em, so that it took part of the money we had saved up to pay our rent to buy him a new pair of unmentionables. Ham, soap, flour and trowsers all gone to pot.

And the mouse got away.

But all that wasn't the worst. Poor Nelly was deluged with soft soap from head to heels. It was a mercy and a blessing that it didn't get into her eyes. It got about every where else over her. There never was anybody so thoroughly soft-soaped upon earth. At this critical moment there came a knock at the door. The chaplain of the regiment opened it. John Harris was there. John Harris is a good-looking young man of an affectionate disposition and good moral character. Besides that he's well to do, and up to that disastrous mouse-day had a tender side for our Nelly. Nelly liked him too, and we thought it would be a match, and a beautiful one. He was going to the city on the train, had just ten minutes to stay, and wanted to see Miss Nelly particularly. John is a business-like young man, and has a way of coming to the point with marvelous rapidity. I'm sure he was going to propose, or something like that. Because he looked so spooney.

Could he wait fifteen minutes? said I. Nelly would be glad to see him, but she was so particularly engaged just at that moment. (I should think she was!) No; he couldn't wait five minutes, said John Harris, eyeing me suspiciously. I believe in my soul John Harris thought we were fighting. And no wonder! There was racket enough going on to rouse the murdered man who is buried under the house. John Harris walked away in a huff. Nelly clawed the soap off her a little and ran to the front window just in time to see him turn the corner. Sunday evening he didn't come to see our Nelly, but went to church with Kate Aten. Kate Aten is Nelly's rival, a spiteful, deceiving, creature as ever lived, who has been moving heaven and earth for six months to cut good little Nelly out. Poor Nelly didn't sleep a wink that night.

To-day Kate Aten's mother told us that John Harris and her daughter were engaged. Nelly has lost her husband. George has lost his best trowsers. Our little household has lost its family ham, flour and soft soap, likewise its kitchen curtains and its respectable family umbrella.

And the mouse got away. ZIG.
—*Saturday Evening Post.*

SHOEING A MULE.

A Winchester, Tenn., correspondent of the New York *Herald*, thus describes a recent attempt to shoe a mule in that village:

Six negroes on the common road opposite a blacksmith's shop for over an hour, were trying to persuade a young, tall, robust, country mule to allow himself to be shod. They put a rope collar round his neck, and to that attached a line which, thrown out between his hind legs, was intended to trip up each in turn and hold it in position while the blacksmith—Sam by name—operated on the hoof. For over an hour this extraordinary mule fought the six men, kicking away the trap laid for his enslavement as easily as he might a cobweb, and describing, high up in the air, forked lightning diagrams with his heels—a sight fearful to behold. Panting, yet patient, their hats kicked off their heads, their shins bruised and their pants torn, the six gallant darkies stuck to that supernatural mule until finally they secured his right hind leg and had his hoof laid on Sam the blacksmith's lap, ready for sacrifice. By this time all the surrounding points of vantage were occupied by spectators, wrought up to the most intense pitch of excitement—Johnson men cheering on the mule, Maynard men cheering on the darkies. Sam the blacksmith was a tall, well-built fellow. He had his back to the mule's head and was in a stooping position over the hoof. In front of him, about six feet from the mule's tail, (a perilous distance,) was a circle of about twenty darkies awaiting the operation of putting the shoe on, with the most solemn interest. Never did mule draw such pious reverence from a like audience.

"I'd ha' let him be," said one; "dar's no use a fussin' with such a good for nuffin meule as dat."

"Fo' God," exclaimed another, in a low cautious tone, "I do b'lieve in my so' de ole debble hisself is in dat har meule."

"Wot you speak alike dot fo'?" said a third, turning on the previous speaker. "Dat meule hears every tin you say, and tinks it fussi'ting. Don't know wedder the debbel is in him; but I do consequentially believe dar's a heap of kick in his hind legs still. Guess whoever gets him will tink so too. I wants my head insured when Ise axed to nurse him."

In the meantime, Sam had his implements ready, and an assistant farrier approached and laid the shoe tenderly upon the virgin hoof. A nail was inserted, while Sam elevated his hammer to deliver the pregnant blow that was to drive it safely home. It was a moment of breathless and agonizing suspense with whites and blacks alike. The latter anticipated a triumph for their race; the former prepared to keep their sides from splitting asunder. Sam's legs shook, but he brought down the hammer with all his might, and at the same moment an explosion occurred that fairly baffled description. A trip hammer falling on a ton weight of nitro-glycerine immured in a tin box could hardly have produced any more sudden and bewildering results.

Quicker than thought the mule drew his leg with incredible force, struck the still stooping Sam square in the bulbous centre of his hind section, projecting him forward in the air, like a cannon ball from a catapault. As Sam disappeared in space, he knocked all the darkies in front of him like nine-pins, scattering them over the road in all directions, and landing himself on top of a stake fence twenty feet away.

An honest old Pennsylvania farmer had a tree on his premises he wanted to cut down, but being weak in the back, and having a dull axe, he hit upon the following plan: Knowing the passion among his neighbors for coon-hunting, he made a coon's foot out of a potato, and proceeded to imprint numerous tracks to and up the tree. When all was ready he informed his neighbors that the tree must be full of coons, pointing to the external evidence made with his potato foot. The bait took, and in a short time half a dozen fellows, with sharp axes, were chopping at the base of the tree, each taking their regular turn. The party also brought dogs and guns, and were in ecstacies over the anticipated haul of fat coons. The tree finally fell, but nary coon was seen to "drap."

A WESTERN editor speaks of a duel between two "jackasperated individuals."

GUILD'S SIGNAL.

A touching incident is told in connection with the Richmond Switch disaster on the Stonington road. The engineer of the train, William D. Guild, who was burned to death at his post of duty, had his home near to the railroad track, in a suburb of Providence, Rhode Island. It was his custom, winter or summer, in daylight or at night, whenever he came near his home, to sound a short, peculiar whistle of greeting to his family at home, which eventually became well known to all the regular passengers on the road as Guild's signal to his wife. On the morning of the disaster, for the first time in years, the signal was unheard by the waiting wife, and at the time when it was usual for it to be sounded the husband and father was a charred corpse among the remains of his engine in the ruins of the ill-fated train. Bret Harte, in the New York *Tribune*, has published the following beautiful stanzas on the incident referred to:

Two low whistles, quaint and clear,
That was the signal of the engineer—
That was the signal that Guild, 'tis said,
Gave to his wife at Providence,
As through the sleepy town, and thence,
Out in the night,
On to the light,
Down past the farms, lying white, he sped!

As a husband's greeting, scant, no doubt,
Yet to the woman looking out,
Watching and waiting, no serenade,
Love song or midnight roundelay
Said what that whistle seemed to say:
"To my trust true
So love to you!
Working or waiting, Good-night!" it said.

Brisk young lagmen, tourists fine,
Old commuters along the line,
Brakemen and porters glanced ahead,
Smiled at the signal, sharp, intense,
Pierced through the shadows of Providence—
"Nothing amiss
Nothing!—it is
Only Guild calling his wife," they said.

Summer and Winter, the old refrain
Rang o'er the billows of ripening grain,
Pierced through the budding boughs o'erhead,
Flew down the track when the red leaves burned
Like living coals from the engine spurned;
Sang as it flew:
"To our trust true,
First of all Duty—Good-night," it said.

And then, one night, it was heard no more,
From Stonington, over Rhode Island shore,
And the folks in Providence smiled and said,
As they turned in their beds, "The engineer
Has once forgotten his midnight cheer."
One only knew
To his trust true
Guild lay under his engine dead.

A Legend of Foo-Chow-Foo.

BY S. BOOTH.

In the maritime city of Foo-Chow-Foo lived thrifty Man Lee and his wife, Win Loo, with life and each other contented. One fair, little girl, who was christened Wee Fung by her wealthy old sponsor, the merchant Woo Sung, the marital bond had cemented.

On her they bestowed all the good of the day that books could impart or professors convey; they taught her to sing and they taught her to play; they taught her to dance and they taught her to croquet; to her slightest desires they could never "nay."

In short, she had everything in the way of a liberal education. Her feet were compressed in the smallest of shoes; her face was a marvel of delicate hues; her name was a toast which no one could refuse, and she became with the local muse the regular inspiration.

And thus in learning and wit she grew, the belle and the beauty of Foo-Chow-Foo, until in her thirteenth year, when papa Man Lee thought it prudent that he should get her a husband whenever he could see the right kind of lover appear.

Of course she had suitors both young and old; some for herself and some for the gold which they supposed they would inherit, and some brought rich presents, to forward their suit, of jewels and satins, confections and fruit, and splendid conveyances bearing their loot, while others came modestly trudging afoot, with nothing to urge but their merit.

Along with the rest of the love-smitten throng was an amorous young fellow whose name was Ah Pong, a poor little tailor's apprentice. What hope he could possibly entertain against the rich gallants she had in her train would seem a most difficult task to explain—unless, like some others who fall deep in love, his very audacity tended to prove he was not quite *compos mentis*.

But love is not easily turned aside, when the prize to be gained is an opulent bride, with a figure of faultless perfection; and, in spite of the barriers that well might appall a heart that loved less or loved not at all, he gained the young lady's affection.

Of course it will readily be inferred what a terrible scene it was that occurred as soon as the girl's proud parents heard that she was in love with a tailor. The mother did weep, and the father he swore that if ever she spoke to the wretch any more he would have her confined to her room, and the door consigned to the charge of a jailor.

And poor little Fung, who could see nothing wrong in giving her heart to the gallant young Pong, almost made herself sick, crying all the day long and bewailing her innocent passion. And when the young man would have pleaded his suit with her pa he received a most shocking salute from the vigorous toe of the Man Lee boot in a most unmanly fashion.

But in spite of the most vigilant watchfulness, the lovers had many a stolen caress, and this was the promise he gave her: He would hasten away to some far-distant land, get rich, and come back, and demand her hand, and prove himself worthy to have her.

* * * * * * *

A thousand leagues o'er the great blue sea Pong heard of the land of the great Yan Kee—a country of marvelous riches—and thither, in one of the great steamships—her form in his heart and her name on his lips—sailed the poor despised patches of breeches.

In the great Yankee land Pong tried a new trade, and such was his skill and the progress he made in the new way of life he had chosen, he soon became head of the "firm," Pong & Lings, who washed the community's linen and things at so much per piece or dozen.

The money came into the till very slow, and Pong & Lings Co. had to wash very low, on account of the great competition; but surely, though slowly, the little "pile" grew; his hope was still strong, and his courage still true to the one great absorbing ambition.

Thus acting obscurely his own little part, 'mid scorn and contumely, that cut to his heart; enduring, likewise, not a few licks at the hands of the cruel and barbarous hordes who inhabit the land, with no end of hard words, for the sake of the precious spondulicks.

And cheerfully toiling from morning till night, he heeded not time, except as in its flight it bore him still nearer his desires. At last he "sold out" of the laundry concern, and made preparations once more to return to the land of his love and his sires.

His passage secure and his plans all complete, Pong elbowed his way thro' the crowds on the street, toward the steamer, equipped for the ocean—when, hark! a sweet voice from the regions above, fell soft on his ear, like the accents of love, and thrilled him with tender emotion.

One glance at the window, one bound on the chair, and almost before the fair Fung was aware, she was locked in the arms of her lover. What rapturous gladness beamed out of their eyes, as they wept with each other in joyful surprise—their troubles all happily over!

Sad was the tale, and the picture she drew of the life they had led her at Foo-Chow-Foo—full of infinite peril and danger; and how she was kidnapped and dragged to the slip, and thrust in the hold of a great Yankee ship, and borne to the land of the stranger.

But little she dreamt, as she fretted and pined in the horrible dungeon where she was confined, with the great billows thundering o'er her, as she thought of the loved ones they left far behind, and the infamous life to to which she was consigned, of the joy that was waiting before her.

* * * * * * *

"In the beautiful city of Foo-Chow-Foo, where flowers perennial of every hue, their odors eternal are blending, live the beautiful Fung and the faithful Ah Pong; and a sweet little cherub chirps all the day long, giving proof that their love is unending.

HOW NOAH READ THE BIBLE IN THE ARK.—William Cullen Bryant, of the New York Evening Post, is traveling in Florida, and in one of his letters he gives the following extract from the sermon of a colored minister in that state. The preacher had dwelt awhile on the fall of man and the act of disobedience by which sin came into the world, and had got as far as the time of Noah. He then said: "De world got to be berry wicked, de people all bad, and de Lord made up his mind to drown dem. But Noah was a good man who read his Bible, and did jus as de Lord tole him. And he tole Noah to build a big ark, big enough to hole part of ebery ting alive on de earth. And Noah built it. And de Lord call upon every living ting to come into de ark and be saved. And de birds come flyin' to de ark, and de big lion and de cow and de possum come in, and de horse come trotting to de ark, and de leetle worms come creepin' in; but only de wicked sinner wouldn't come in, and dey laugh at Noah and his big ark. And den de rain come down, but Noah he set comfortably and dry in de ark and read his Bible. And de rain come down in big spouts, and come up to de door step of de houses and gin to cober de floor, and den de sinner be seared and knock at de door ob de ark berry hard. And de big lion hear de racket and roar, and de dog bark and de ox bellow, but Noah keep on readin' de Bible. And de sinner say, 'Noah! Noah! let us come in.' And Noah say, 'I berry sorry, but I can't let you in, for de Lord hab lock de door and frow away de key.'"

PITTSBURGH *sools* all classes.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.

Friday,- - - - - - May 30, 1873.

DEMOCRATIC EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—The members of the Democratic Executive Committee are requested to meet at the Court House in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, JUNE 2D, 1873, at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of fixing the time for holding the County Convention and transacting other business for the best interests of the party.

NATHANIEL HOUSNE,
Chairman Executive Committee.

THE funeral of the late General Canby took place at Indianapolis last Friday, to which place his remains had been brought from Portland, Oregon. Gens. Sherman, Sheridan, and several other prominent army officers, were present, and the crowd in attendance is represented to have been the largest that ever assembled in that city.

THE Constitutional Convention last week adopted the following amendment in reference to the fees of all county officers:

SEC. 8. All county officers who receive compensation for their services shall be paid by salary to be prescribed by law, and all fees attached to any county office shall be received by the proper officer for and on account of the State or county, as may be directed by law; provided, however, that the annual salary of any such officer shall not exceed the aggregate yearly amount of fees collected by him.

THE argument in the *quo warranto* case against Judge Potts, of the District Court, Johnstown, which was to have taken place before the Supreme Court at Harrisburg last Monday, has been postponed and will not be heard before that Court until at its session in Pittsburgh next October. If there ever was a man in the pursuit of a President Judgeship under difficulties, that man is his Honor, James Potts. It is a case that can only be paralleled by that of Japhet in search of his father.

GOVERNOR DIX last week vetoed the Local Option law passed by the New York Legislature. An effort was made in the House by the friends of the bill to pass it over the veto, but the requisite two-thirds vote could not be procured. The veto produced intense gratification and rejoicing among the Teutonic population of New York city, and on the day after it was sent to the Legislature all the German saloons were thrown open to the public, when *free lager* was dispensed with a willing and unsparing hand.

REV. FATHER DE SMET, the well known Catholic Indian missionary, died at St. Louis, on the 20th instant, aged 72 years. He was the most successful missionary that ever visited the Indians of the Northwest, and enjoyed their entire confidence, whether they were peaceable or otherwise. The greater portion of his life had been spent among the Indians in an earnest and self-sacrificing effort to instil into their minds the truths of Christianity. He was a true hero in the best acceptation of that term, and will be long remembered by the red man from the Missouri to the Pacific ocean. Father DeSmet was a native of Belgium. He came to America in 1821 and to St. Louis in 1823.

ONE day last week the Constitutional Convention, with a coolness and deliberation worthy of the last Congress, fixed the compensation of its members at $2,500 and mileage at ten cents per mile circular for two sessions. This is a *grab* which the people will and ought to repudiate. The Act of Assembly for calling the Convention fixed the salary of the members at $1,000. Of course each member, when he was elected last October, knew that *that* sum was to be the amount of his compensation. A majority of the Convention (the vote was 60 yeas to 44 nays) has now *doubled* it and gone $500 better. Gentlemen of the Convention, we tell you plainly that this robbery won't do, and that in thus plundering the treasury to the extent of more than *two hundred thousand dollars* you have forfeited the respect and confidence of the people of the entire Commonwealth. Have the days of *honesty*, like those of chivalry, passed away forever?

AMONG the resolutions adopted by the Ohio Radical State Convention, which met at Columbus last week, was the following in regard to the salary grab:

We condemn without reserve the voting for or receiving of increased pay for services already rendered, and demand that the provisions of the late act of Congress by which the salaries were increased should be promptly and unconditionally repealed.

No former Congress ever did an act which met with such a universal outburst of popular indignation as has been manifested with regard to the extra pay swindle. It was a most shameless example of legislative larceny. Unless all the political signs in the Western States are at fault, there will be a terrible shaking of dry bones among the members of Congress from that section who voted for the fraud, when they again present themselves before the people for re-election. This same convention, however, while denouncing Congress, passed a resolution eulogizing Grant for his integrity, thus showing, in the estimation of the Radicals of Ohio, that however much Congress ought to be denounced for the act, the President is entirely blameless and "can do no wrong." And yet it is a notorious fact that Grant exerted all his personal influence in its favor. One single word from him would have defeated the whole scheme, but it was never uttered. Grant's agency in consummating the iniquitous job was more potent than that of all the members combined who voted for it. As Gen. Garfield truly stated in his letter to his constituents, "my vote did not make it law, but the Grant *signature did.*"

Decorating Graves.

The Executive Committee of that officious and intermeddling organization known as the Grand Army of the Republic, met in solemn conclave last week in Washington and issued the following high-sounding manifesto:

Whereas, A notice has been published inviting donations of flowers for the purpose of decorating the graves; and

Whereas, Such contemplated proceeding is calculated to create disorder and lead to a breach of the peace; therefore

Resolved, That the members of the Executive Committee of the Grand Army of the Republic do hereby give notice that, May 30 being set apart by the Grand Army of the Republic as a memorial day, and the grounds at Arlington being opened on that special day by order of the Quartermaster-General of the Army to the Grand Army of the Republic for the purpose of strewing flowers upon and decorating the graves of the deceased Union soldiers, any attempt by friends of the rebel dead to strew flowers on their grave will be regarded as an interference with the programme of the day, and will not be tolerated.

This is the very embodiment of hate, and is calculated, if not purposely intended, to fan into a fresh flame the smothered and expiring embers of the late civil war. If ever genuine peace and reconciliation is to be brought about between the North and South, it is perfectly manifest that the Grand Army of the Republic is not the agency through which that desirable result will be accomplished. The plea that the decoration of the graves of rebel soldiers would lead to disorder and a breach of the peace, is far-fetched and puerile. Who would create the one or incite to the other? Certainly not the dead rebels, who are powerless for any such demonstrations, but more likely the members of the Grand Army of the Republic themselves, who attempted something of the same kind at the cemetry on Arlington Heights, on a similar occasion, one year ago. But aside from all this, who constituted this Executive Committee a judge in Israel on this question? The authority which it sets up is self-assumed and without warrant—a mere naked and insolent usurpation. The national cemeteries are under the special control and supervision of the Quartermaster General, and that officer states that they have not been placed under the sole charge of the Grand Army of the Republic on Decoration day, but that all organized processions or parties desiring to take part in the ceremonies will be admitted. This is a very mild way of intimating to the aforesaid Executive Committee that its interference in the matter is uncalled for and without authority. If the right of the friends of dead soldiers, whether they wore the *blue* or the *grey*, to strew fresh flowers over their graves on Decoration day is to be interfered with at the arbitrary dictation of the Grand Army of the Republic, then that praiseworthy and commendable custom would be more honored in the breach than in the observance, and ought to be discontinued.

What a marked contrast there is between the uncharitable and bigoted conduct of this Executive Committee and the forgiving and Christian sentiments of the late Chief Justice Chase, who, when holding the Circuit Court in Charleston, on Decoration day in 1869, and being invited to be present, sent the following manly and patriotic reply.

My duties in the Circuit Court will prevent me from being present, as I should like, on the occasion of the decoration of the graves of the Federal dead, but I avail myself of the opportunity to express the hope that the time is not far distant when the North and the South, having forever buried and forgotten the unhappy differences of the past, will decorate alike the graves of both Federal and Confederate dead.

The following remarks of the New York *Tribune* on the action of the Executive Committee of the G. A. R. will commend themselves to the approval of every right thinking man who sincerely desires that peace and good will shall prevail throughout the land:

Of course we discover in this demonstration of indignation at the proposed "insult" the evidence of profound patriotism and earnest loyalty. We should, perhaps, be thankful in such times as these for the nice sense of honor, the exquisitely sensitive love of country, the reverent patriotism, the constancy of devotion to the Union, and the undying hostility to its dead and buried enemies, of which we have here such tokens. For it must be confessed that many things of late have made us skeptical of any such keenness of susceptibility. For really, when we sell our seats in the Senate, and our Senators themselves are bought and sold, when our Judges haunt the lobbies of Congress to influence legislation for pay, when elections are carried by fraud and the perpetrators of fraud are protected by Executive pardon, when we peddle out our honor and trade upon our dignity in the face of all the world, when we are scandalized in all departments by venality, corruption and incompetency, we should perhaps, welcome anything that seems an honest burst of indignation for whatever cause that has in it something akin to pride of land or race.

* * * * * * *

We shall exercise a sound philosophy as well as Christian charity if we gather only tender memories as we look back over it all—tender, kindly memories not alone of those we loved but equally of those with whom we differed, who were of our race and our blood, and whatever their faults or their mistakes, were our brothers. Be sure we shall be doing no man's memory an injustice, nor any good cause harm, if on the same day, and even by the same hands, the graves of the Union and Confederate dead lying side by side in all the South are made fragrant and beautiful with the blossoms of a tender and affectionate remembrance.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* says that two more little angels have been added to the number who surround the great Throne. They were daughters of W. Morgan of Shady Side, and while at play, one of them touched a lighted match to a can filled with carbon oil. An explosion followed, they were enveloped in flames and burned to a crisp. Will parents never take heed to such dreadful warnings. Keep this dangerous fluid out of the reach of your children or you too may some day have reason to wish that you had.

THE executive and ministry of the French Republic have undergone a change as sudden as it has thus far proved to be peaceable. On Saturday last the government of President Thiers sustained a defeat in the Assembly on a test question, when the ministers handed their resignations to the executive, by whom they were accepted. M. Thiers thereupon sent his resignation to the National Legislature, which was likewise accepted, and that body immediately proceeded to elect his successor, the election resulting in the choice of Marshal MeMahon. As Marshal MeMahon has always been known to be a royalist at heart and to have no sympathy with or love for Republican ideas, it is too soon to speculate on the future of France under the new rule which has been so suddenly, but not unexpectedly, inaugurated. Contrary to all expectations, the change in the government has not been attended with any popular outbreak. Any demonstration of that kind, however, would be useless, as President MeMahon has the army at his command. The following is the address sent by him to the Assembly on being informed of his election:

I am animated by respect for your wishes and will always scrupulously execute them. The National Assembly had two great tasks—the liberation of territory and the restoration of order. The first was ably conducted by my predecessor with heroic patience. The country and I rely on you to accomplish the other. I shall follow the foreign policy of my predecessor. I wish for peace and the reorganization of the army, desiring only to restore our strength, and regain for France her rank among nations. The home policy will be resolutely conservative. The administration must be imbued with a conservative spirit. I will appoint to office respecters of the law, defend society against factions, and stand as a sentinel to see that your sovereign will is obeyed in its integrity."

THE GREAT INDIAN MISSIONARY.—Father De Smet, who died recently in St. Louis, was perhaps the most successful of all missionaries among Indians. He was a Belgian by birth, but came to this country in 1821, when but twenty years of age. He was a priest of the Order of Jesus, and devoted nearly all the years of his manhood to civilizing Indians and converting them to the Catholic faith. The field of his labors was chiefly about the head waters of the Missouri and Columbia rivers. He travelled through this vast region, unarmed and clad in a black monastic gown. He established missions among the various tribes of Sioux and Blackfeet, the Shoshones, Nez Perces, and Flatheads. By all these tribes he was revered as a prophet of the great Manitou, and was known as the "Black Gown." He brought many wars between Indian tribes to an end simply by his Christian teachings, and prevented many others from being commenced. He made many converts, and his influence was everywhere for good. His paths were paths of peace, and his ways were ways of pleasantness. His death will be universally regretted, and his memory honored by Catholics and Protestants alike.

THE Pennsylvania State Sabbath School Association will hold its Ninth Annual Convention in the city of Titusville, June 3, 4 and 5, 1873. The sessions will begin Tuesday evening, June 3d, at 8 o'clock, to be continued throughout Wednesday and Thursday.

Each Sunday School in the State is requested to send at least *two* delegates, and Pastors of Evangelical Churches are cordially invited.

Entertainment will be provided for all delegates who will notify L. B. Silliman, Esq., of Titusville, Secretary of Local Committee, on or before May 31st.

The Philadelphia and Reading railroad will pass delegates to Harrisburg or Williamsport, from all points on its road, on application at ticket office. Fare two-thirds the usual rates.

The Pennsylvania Central railroad will pass delegates for two-thirds fare, on presentation at ticket offices of an order which must be applied for with name and address, at the following points, viz: Philadelphia, Joshua L. Baily, 811 Chestnut St.; Harrisburg, James W. Weer; Pottsville, C. W. Wells, Esq; Pittsburg, J. T. Gillespie.

INCENDIARISM.—The National Board of Fire Underwriters at their late meeting in the City of New York resolved to raise a fund of $100,000 for the detection, conviction and punishment of parties engaged in the nefarious business of incendiarism and arson. The Executive Committee of that Board at their meeting on the 14th inst. carried out the resolution and opened the subscription.

We hail this movement as a step in the right direction, and commend the action as one not only likely to benefit Underwriters, but also to protect the public from wholesale loss. This action is the more important when it is remembered that the experience of the large companies transacting the business of fire insurance in the United States shows that the proportion of loss to be attributed to the above causes is not less than 33 per cent. of the whole, or a loss to the country of at least twenty-five millions of dollars per annum.—*Evening Bulletin.*

E. E. HENDERSON was appointed agent for the Chippewa Indians of Lake Superior. The Chippewa *Herald* has been asking who Henderson is, and the editor of the Fayetteville (Ark.) *News* kindly furnishes the desired information. Henderson, says the *News*, went to Fayetteville as a refugee from justice, he having committed forgery at Zanesville, Ohio. The *News* adds: "His four years' residence in Fayetteville were years of shameless scoundrelism. His life here was a record of low swindles." The editor believes that Henderson's appointment is the result of a huge scheme to rob the Indians or the Government. The intention probably is to rob both. Wisconsin and Michigan should be congratulated on the fact that Grant had to send to Arkansas for such an Indian agent as this.

WOODHULL STILL ON BEECHER.—Mrs. Woodhull continues in her paper the charges of lewdness made by her recently against Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and in a late number of her paper, gives circumstantial, and, as it would be called in court, direct evidence to prove her charges. Mr. Beecher remains silent to these charges, saying neither yea or nay. Of course allegations of testimony are not allegations of guilt, nor allegations of testimony are not proof of Mr. Beecher's guilt, but it is nevertheless some presumption of guilt that the accused does not even deny the truth of the allegations made, as they are, with great circumstantiality, with direct reference to other witnesses, and with such apparent evidence of truthfulness as to leave an impression of truth.

—The funeral of Father De Smet, the Indian Missionary, took place at St. Louis on Saturday morning, and was attended by an immense concourse of people.

Terrific Tornadoes.

MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN KILLED—CHURCHES AND HOUSES DESTROYED.

CINCINNATI, May 23.—A despatch from Des Moines, Iowa, says that the severest thunder storm in that region for years occurred yesterday. Nine houses were blown down or moved from their bases by the wind. The Methodist church was blown down. An unknown man, stopping at a farm house, was killed in his bed by lightning.

SECOND DESPATCH.

WASHINGTON, Iowa, May 23.—A terrific tornado or whirlwind, accompanied by hail and rain, passed over this county, about six miles north of Washington, yesterday afternoon. Its path was about half a mile in width, and it tore into fragments everything in its course. Houses, barns, fences, trees, cattle, and human beings were caught up and whirled through the air like mere toys, and then dashed to the ground with such violence as to produce instant destruction. Houses and barns were torn into fragments and scattered in all directions, and for miles around the fields are dotted with large timbers driven into the ground at an angle of ninety degrees. The cattle were actually driven headforemost into the ground. One can scarcely conceive the devastation, or realize the force of the tornado. Already we have heard of thirteen farm houses and many barns that were literally torn to pieces, and many others badly damaged.

School was in session at a school house six miles north of here, and the tornado tore the building to pieces and carried the fourteen years' old daughter of Henry Rothmel about a quarter of a mile from the school. When found she was mashed to a jelly. Miss Smith, the teacher, and six or eight scholars were injured, some of them severely. The wife of Henry Walters was killed. A Miss Gardner and the son of Abe Gibson lie at the point of death. Jacob Seek was seriously hurt. A. M. Baker was hurt in the back. The family of J. Campbell, near Keota, were injured. Mrs. McCoy was seriously hurt.

A gentleman who was near the tornado reports that it was balloon shaped, with the small end to the ground, and moved at the rate of twenty miles an hour. It began its fearful work near Kaota, where it demolished several houses. We next hear of it about six miles northwest, where it destroyed two or three houses, and as it passed on northeast, scattered to the four winds the fine residences and barns of Alex. Gibson, J. A. Babcock, and J. C. Callingham. It also leveled to the ground the dwellings of D. Career, F. and H. Walters, Mr. Carringer, and Mr. Kerr. The lives of many persons were saved by their hastily getting into the cellars of their houses. Sad havoc was made with all kinds of stock.

From the description of an eye-witness it seems almost a miracle that anything in the track escaped alive. He says he could see large pieces of timber hurled from the cloud as though shot from a cannon. Hailstones fell that measured nine inches in diameter. Some were brought to this city, and four hours after they were picked up they were still as large as hens' eggs. The roaring of the tornado was fearful, and it could easily have been heard for ten miles. At this place—six miles away—it was perfectly appalling, surpassing in terror anything ever heard, except war and the din of a terrific battle.

A telegram from Keota last evening says that five persons were killed about three miles from that place. One child was torn to pieces. The reports received thus far are from only a few points along the line of the terrible destroyer, and the amount of damage cannot be estimated, but it must be many thousands of dollars. More lives were probably lost than those reported, and no estimate can be made of the stock killed. Nothing so terrible or violent has ever befallen this section of the country heretofore, and it is considered a miracle that so few lives were lost.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

KEOTA, May 23.—The most terrific storm ever known in this part of the State passed over here yesterday about 3 o'clock P. M. It started, as far as heard from, ten miles southwest of here on Skunk Bottom, and travelled to within two and a half miles of this city, sweeping everything before it. Up to the present time four persons are reported killed, eight slightly hurt, and eight houses, three barns, one saw mill, and several granaries demolished.

Between 200 and 300 head of cattle were killed. Building material, agricultural implements, including threshing machines, reapers, &c., were strewn the entire length of the storm.

The storm did not exceed in width from one to four hundred yards.

It is reported that the town of Lancaster, fifteen miles southwest of here, in this county, is in ruins.

IOWA CITY, May 23.—The great tornado of Washington county exhausted itself twelve miles southwest of this city. There were high winds and lightning here, one house being struck. No persons were injured.

STILL LATER.

WASHINGTON, Iowa, May 23.—Additional particulars of the tornado makes the damage a great deal more than heretofore reported. Six more persons have died since the despatch of this morning was sent, making eight in all.

The names of the victims not before reported are Laden Housel, Mr. Davison, Mr. Baker, a daughter of Jacob Seek, and two children of Henry Walters. There are many others who are very low, and whose lives are despaired of.

These are all reported to us within six or eight miles on the line of the storm. To what extent the storm raged in other parts of the country has not yet been learned. An enormous amount of property has been destroyed.

It is impossible to describe the scene after the storm had passed. It resembled a long tract of country that had been suddenly overflooded and everything carried away, and as if the water had suddenly fallen and left everything in ruin.

The force of the storm was such that nothing could resist it. Heavy objects were carried over a quarter of a mile, and thrown to the ground with such violence as to half imbed them in the earth. Wagons and farm implements of all kinds were strewn all over. Even spokes were broken out of wagon wheels.

A hog was found pierced through and pinned to the ground by a spike of timber two by four inches. Over one thousand persons from this place visited the scene to-day, and rendered all the assistance in their power to the sufferers. A telegram from Sigourney says that at Lancaster every house but one was entirely destroyed, but no one is reported killed, though many are seriously hurt.

THE TORNADO SPREADING DESTRUCTION AND DEATH IN ILLINOIS.

PRAIRIE CITY, May 23.—A fearful tornado passed a mile and a half north of this place yesterday, about 5:40 P. M., the extent of which is not yet known here, though it has been heard of from 10 to 15 miles east and west. The storm travelled eastward, sweeping nearly everything before it for half a mile in width, blowing down houses, barns, outhouses, fences, telegraph poles, and killing and injuring several persons. A number of horses and cattle were also killed and injured. The following are a few of the casualties:

Vanderver's house was destroyed, and a boy fourteen years old killed. Joel Nichol's house and barn destroyed, and a child's leg broken so badly that it is not expected to live. Eight persons were in the house, some of whom were more or less injured. A. J. Cayton's house and barn destroyed. Cayton had an arm broken and one child killed. Charles Perry's house and barn were destroyed. Mrs. Perry was seriously, perhaps fatally injured. Andrew Mulholland's house destroyed, and he had a leg broken. Brendmeyer's house destroyed. He was alone in it, and was badly hurt. Some idea may be gained of the force of the storm from the fact that it carried heavy sills ten rods, and even moved heavy stones some distance from the tops of cellar walls.

THE STORM AT CAIRO, ILL.

CAIRO, May 23.—The heaviest storm of wind, rain, and hail that has been known here for years began about 3 o'clock this afternoon. The hail continued falling for thirty minutes and the rain for nearly two hours.

LATEST PARTICULARS.

CHICAGO, May 25.—Despatches from Iowa give full details of the terrible cyclone of Thursday. Scarcely a dwelling or barn is left in its track. The town of Lancaster is entirely demolished. The cyclone started near that city, and advanced northeasterly, passing north of Talleyrand through the German settlement of Baden. It approached the line of Washington county, where it jumped a distance of about eight miles. It swept along the ground for six or eight miles, and then disappeared in the middle of the township as suddenly as it had appeared.

The fright of the people renders them unable to give a satisfactory account of the tornado. Those who witnessed it saw timber, cattle, sheep, mud and trees whirled into the air with terrific force. Many saved their lives by going into cellars. Some who considered themselves safe in their dwellings found themselves sprawling on the ground in an instant, the houses being thrown over by the tornado. Boards and heavy timbers were driven into the ground so tightly as to be immovable.

Dead horses, cattle, and hogs are visible on all sides, and chickens were found without feathers. On the farm of John Cunningham three hundred head of stock were killed outright. His family went into the cellar at the approach of the storm, but were lifted out and thrown on the ground by the wind. Mr. Davids of the next farm east of Cunningham's was killed. Mr. Hansell, who was with him at the time, received injuries from which he died on Friday. All of his clothing was torn from his person.

The stumps of trees over which the cyclone passed have the appearance of being sawed off clean and smoothly. A school house containing the teacher and twenty pupils was torn to pieces. The daughter of Henry Rathmail was carried a quarter of a mile, where her mangled body was found almost mute. Miss Smith and six scholars were badly injured. Mud was blown with such force in their faces as to leave the appearance of tattooing with India ink, and it cannot be washed out. Mrs. Walters was instantly killed near the school house. She had twin babies in her arms when found, one of which died from injuries received on Thursday, while the other escaped unhurt. Two others of Mrs. Walters' children who were in the school house at the time were fatally injured. Orchards were completely destroyed.

A man named Baker, who was driving a team of mules, saw the storm approaching and took refuge under a hedge, whence man, wagon, and team were taken up and carried a quarter of a mile into the fields. Baker escaped unhjured. Pieces of hail found weighed seven ounces and were nine inches in circumference, and some still larger are reported having been found.

A flock of 150 sheep huddled together were taken up by the storm, carried half a mile, and when they struck the earth all but forty were torn to fragments and scattered along the route of the cyclone. Very little definite information has been received from Keokuk county, but it is known that Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Eotelberger and three children were killed. The loss of property is estimated at $100,000.

A BUFFALO MISER.—Thomas Newman, better known in Buffalo as the "rich miser," died at the hospital in that city on Tuesday night. The writer, while waiting a few weeks since at the Erie railway depot in Buffalo, observed an old man, giving evidence in his clothing and appearance of extreme poverty, come in and stand by the stove. His clothes were ancient, dirty and ragged, and his emaciated appearance excited the commiseration of strangers, prompting even the bestowal of alms. On being told by a railway employe that this old man was worth a quarter of a million we looked upon him with the admiration (?) that wealth is supposed to inspire, and were selfish enough to secretly wish that his money bags were transferred to some of his acquaintances who could make better use of them. This singular being has lived for many years in a hovel on Michigan street, denying himself even the comforts of life. There has not been a fire in his house for fourteen years. His bed was a pile of rags and papers, furnished with a ragged quilt, and his abode, which we "interviewed" last week, was most filthy in appearance, almost past conception. He owned valuable blocks on Main street, besides other property scattered through the city. It is not definitely known, as we are aware, how much he is worth, and he died without making a will. He has two brothers living, one of whom lives at Ashtabula, Ohio. His age was seventy-three, and he has never been married. His case is a striking warning to bachelors.—*Titusville Courier.*

WHAT OF CAPTAIN JACK?—The news of the surrender of fifty-five members of Captain Jack's band of Modocs, fifteen of whom are warriors and the remainder women and children, gives no assurance of the end of the war. Captain Jack is still afield with twenty warriors, and evidently means to fight to the end, relieved as he now is of two obstacles to his unembarrassed conduct of the conflict—to wit, the women and children of the tribe, and that male adult element among the Modocs which desired peace with the whites. It has been known from the beginning that the Modocs were divided upon the subject of continuing the war—one party breathing resistance, and the other speaking in favor of abiding by the decision of the Government in the matter of the home to be allotted to them. It is probable, therefore, that before leaving the lava bed a council was held, in which the peace party and the war party agreed to separate, the war party deciding to remain with Captain Jack and the others determining to surrender.—*N. Y. World.*

IT would appear to the common mind, says the Hollidaysburg *Standard*, that if the government can afford to purchase tons of paste-board of an expensive quality, print it handsomely, and send it all over the country in the form of cards which it sells for one cent each, and also carries these cards in the mail free of charge, that it could as well afford to carry an ordinary letter for what it sells a card for, when the writer supplies his own paper on which to write it and the envelope in which it is inserted. It really does look a good deal as if the Post Office department did not exactly know what it was about, when it resorts to such a singular method of increasing its revenues.

A Humane Act.

On the 3d of March, 1873, President Grant approved an act passed by congress to prevent cruelty to animals while in transit by railroad or other means of transportation within the United States. This law provides "that no railroad company within the United States whose road forms any part of a line of road over which cattle, sheep, swine, or other animals shall be conveyed from one state to another, or the owners or masters of steam, sailing or other vessels carrying or transporting cattle, sheep, swine or other animals from one state to another, shall confine the same in cars, boats or vessels of any description for a longer period than twenty-eight consecutive hours, without unloading the same for rest, water and feeding for a period of at least five consecutive hours, unless prevented from so unloading by storm or other accidental causes. In estimating such confinement the time during which the animals have been confined without such rest on connecting roads from which they are received shall be included, it being the intent of this act to prohibit their continuous confinement beyond the period of twenty-eight hours, except upon contingencies hereinbefore stated. Animals so unloaded shall be properly fed and watered during such rest by the owner or persons having the custody thereof, or in case of his default in so doing then by the railroad company or owners or masters of boats or vessels transporting the same at the expense of said owner or person in custody thereof; and said company, owners or masters shall in such cases have a lien upon such animals for food, care and custody furnished, and shall not be liable for any detention of such animals authorized by this act. Any company, owner or custodian of such animals who shall knowingly and wilfully fail to comply with the provisions of this act shall, for each and every such failure to comply with the provisions of this act, be liable for and forfeit and pay a penalty of not less than one hundred nor more than five hundred dollars: *Provided however*, That when animals shall be carried in cars, boats or other vessels in which they can and do have proper food, water, space, and opportunity for rest, the foregoing provisions in regard to their being unloaded shall not apply.

"That the penalty created by the first section of this act shall be recovered by civil action in the name of the United States, in the circuit or district court of the United States, holden within the district where the violation of this act may have been committed, or the person or corporation resides or carries on its business; and it shall be the duty of all United States marshals, their deputies and coloordinates, to prosecute all violations of this act which shall come to their notice or knowledge.

"That any person or corporation entitled to lien under the first section of this act may enforce the same by a petition filed in the district court of the United States holden within the district where the food, care and custody shall have been furnished, or the owner or custodian of the property resides; and said court shall have power to issue all suitable process for the enforcement of such lien by sale or otherwise, and to compel the payment of all costs, penalties, charges and expenses of proceedings under this act.

"That this act shall not go into effect until the first day of October, eighteen hundred and seventy-three."

A WILD HUNTRESS.—*A Pennsylvania Girl Lost in the Wilderness—Her Love of Hunting Stronger Than her Love of Home.*—The Wheeling *Register* of the 20th inst. tells the following story on the authority of Julia Messenger of Wind ridge, Green county, Pa., for whose veracity it vouches:

A man living near Windridge, Green county, Pa., had born to him five children, four girls and one boy. His name is Daniel Lewis. When quite young the boy and second daughter, named Lucinda Lewis, developed quite a fondness for hunting, and were out nearly all the time, roaming the woods in search of game. They seemed to delight in nothing so much as the full life of a hunter, and would be gone from home for weeks at a time. After some four or five years the boy quit it, and entered on the more industrious pursuits of life, but the girl continued in the chase. Drawing herself more and more from human intercourse and restraint, she has become a wild woman, fleeing from the approach of her kind with the speed of a deer.

During the early years of her solitary life she used to approach her father's house and entice the dogs to follow her, learning almost any breed of dogs to become good hunters. In the hope of bringing her back to her home and to civilization, her brother followed her and shot the dog she had taken away, using every inducement to get her to go back with him. But all in vain.

For eighteen years, since she was twelve years of age, she has lived this wild life, sleeping in the centres of straw stacks during the night and hiding in them during the summer the wild and cultivated fruits she intends for her winter's store of provisions. She is now thirty years old, and is as wild as the most untamed denizen of the forest.

Mr. Messenger says he at one time, while out hunting, met her in the woods. Her long black hair, covering her face and eyes, was matted with burs and leaves, and her black flashing eyes made her a startling picture. She remained perfectly still until he got within twenty feet of her when she turned and fled with the swiftness no man could hope to rival.

A few days since she was seen again, and then had in her hand three pheasants and four rabbits, but although these encumbered her she eluded every attempt to capture her. She has been so long in the woods that she has become perfectly wild. Her dress is made of the skins of wild animals and a blanket that she has taken somewhere during some of her nocturnal predatory tours.

A WOMAN SHOT WHILE HANDLING A RIFLE.—A Mrs. Osborne, living at Carpenter's station, on the Penn'a railroad, met with a sad accident on Thursday evening, which caused her death. Mrs. Osborne was engaged at cleaning house on Thursday morning. Her husband had placed a loaded rifle on the bed, and went to an adjoining room for the purpose of taking a sleep.—Mrs. Osborne had occasion to remove the rifle from the bed, and in doing so the trigger caught in the bed clothing, and forced it back far enough to cause an explosion of the cap. The contents of the barrel entered her left breast, and she sank to the floor. The report aroused the husband, who immediately entered the room and found his wife in a pool of blood, in a dying condition. The alarm was given in the neighborhood, and a surgeon was promptly summoned, but the victim lived only about an hour.

This sad affair is another warning of the danger in handling firearms, and should be a sufficient and final notice to all the thoughtless, and especially to parents who allow boys to carry pistols, a thing too common every place.—*Greensburg Democrat.*

—Patrick Healey was waylaid and assaulted with a sling-shot made of a stone and a stocking, at Dunbar, Fayette county, on Thursday morning last, by a woman at whose house he had been drinking the night before, and died on Monday following. An old family feud is said to have been the cause of the murder, which is the second in that county within less than a month.

News and Politics.

—Two women were killed on Sunday, at [illegible]

—This is good [illegible]

—mothers with [illegible]

—J. P. Jones, [illegible] has an [illegible] mines of [illegible]

—Captain [illegible] Pitt River country [illegible]

—It is said that [illegible] dral, Boston, will [illegible] church in America [illegible]

—During the thunder storm [illegible] land, Saturday evening, [illegible] were prostrated by [illegible] Meadows and [illegible]

—John H. Wilson [illegible] Connecticut, [illegible] pin Brown, the [illegible] that city, the [illegible] the service he [illegible]

—When Annie [illegible] $7,000,000 stood on the [illegible] the ledger. Two years [illegible] was paid with interest. [illegible] work, but he made [illegible]

—C. Claybrook, of Wash[illegible] gun, was badly [illegible] commit suicide. He [illegible] bottle, however, and [illegible] spavin liniment. He [illegible]

—The mother of Lucretia [illegible] hearing that he had been [illegible] fight with the Modocs, [illegible] thousand miles to [illegible] there a few hours before [illegible]

—The Democratic State [illegible] mittee will meet on [illegible] at the Merchants' Hotel, [illegible] the purpose of fixing the [illegible] holding the Convention.

—On Saturday night last [illegible] Coil shot dead at [illegible] Fifty-seventh street, [illegible] a young man named [illegible] twenty years. Both [illegible] The woman was [illegible]

—A Fenian girl in Lee [illegible] her piano and [illegible] and materials and [illegible] for her husband a [illegible] way went to work [illegible] sisters are already [illegible]

—A man supposed to be [illegible] der family was murdered [illegible] Station, Iowa. He [illegible] jail at Cedar [illegible] quainted with the family [illegible] Kansas, are suspected [illegible]

—Williamsport [illegible] den under the local [illegible] ston, have gone [illegible] They sell tags of [illegible] for ten cents, and [illegible] tamarack to make good [illegible]

—Mrs. Kate Greenwood, [illegible] ed forward, the other day, [illegible] child from the railroad track [illegible] to save it from certain death, [illegible] wheels of an approaching [illegible] Kate's other name is Lee.

—Mrs. Evans, of Gedney, [illegible] ly injured on Wednesday last [illegible] into the stable to milk her cow, [illegible] peared to enter the stall on the [illegible] when the animal, in turning [illegible] horns on her breasts, literally [illegible] out.

—It is said that Harry White [illegible] regrets having promised to [illegible] as member of the Constitution [illegible] since the compensation [illegible] at $2,500 and mileage [illegible] as he supposed. This is [illegible] "fortunate victim."

—Major General Canby, [illegible] Oregon newspaper [illegible] Montgomery, a contractor [illegible] Pacific Railway, [illegible] ed from the [illegible] three hours a [illegible] sented it to Mrs. [illegible]

—Erastus Corning [illegible] Mary Parker, of Albany, [illegible] on Saturday, and [illegible] The honeymoon [illegible] which is only equal [illegible] month. Erastus [illegible] man of his age in the [illegible]

—Grumman, A. W. [illegible] mbertook to exhibit [illegible] ray's circus, but [illegible] warrant was put in [illegible] the company camped [illegible] five cent scrip, and [illegible] with full hearts and [illegible]

—The will of Chief Justice [illegible] been admitted to probate [illegible] each to Wilberforce University, [illegible] mouth College; the interest [illegible] his niece, Jane Auld, and [illegible] of the estate, valued at [illegible] parts to his two daughters, [illegible] dated Nov. 19, 1870.

—It is now completed [illegible] were lost in the Dominion [illegible] ter in Nova Scotia. There [illegible] ows and ninety-two orphans [illegible] of the company are making [illegible] sion for the destitute. [illegible] ready amount to $2,000. The [illegible] quite extinguished.

—A woman named Mrs. Mitchell [illegible] herself on Monday, in [illegible] ing her uncle, one Oswald Nash [illegible] chant of that city. Mrs. Mitchell [illegible] the feat before, but not having [illegible] persevered until success [illegible] charge of felonious assault [illegible] crowned her efforts.

—Mr. Titterman, of Reading [illegible] ried Mary Schultz, and she [illegible] Titterman. Mary's case is [illegible] as that of the daughter of a [illegible] eigner named Rose, who [illegible] daughter Wild, making her [illegible] She grew up and married a man [illegible] Bull. Then she was Wild Bull.

—A girl named Carr, [illegible] years of age, was fatally [illegible] burg on Monday evening, [illegible] iting at the house of Mrs. [illegible] W. was sitting on a sofa, [illegible] man threw a lighted match [illegible] near her. From this her clothes [illegible] burning her fearfully. She [illegible]

—The Oshkosh, Wis., [illegible] states that the number of [illegible] along the railway is wonderful. [illegible] of them lie mangled beside the [illegible] tween that city and the [illegible] first warm day of spring they [illegible] their retreats in the swamps, [illegible] the sun across the warm rails [illegible] passing train eats them [illegible]

—Samuel Elmore and Leander [illegible] well-known planters, living [illegible] ville, Tennessee, quarrelled on [illegible] morning, during which Elmore [illegible] ler in the left breast with a [illegible] tol, and in turn was [illegible] by Lawler's field-hand, one of the [illegible] crushing his skull by a blow from a [illegible] tree. Elmore died, it seems, [illegible] his wife and family and was [illegible] adultery with a yellow girl who [illegible] engaged to be married, and [illegible] Lawler was to urge him to keep [illegible] girl.

—About five years ago, a [illegible] Mr. S. J. Mitchell, of Indiana, [illegible] lowed a brass thimble, which [illegible] the base of the weapon, and [illegible] ly became inextricably [illegible] fidle. All efforts of the [illegible] in this country and in [illegible] the obstruction have proved [illegible] boy has lived on with [illegible] able to take any [illegible] He goes to school [illegible] and appears [illegible] into the [illegible] absence of [illegible] of more substantial [illegible]

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - May 30, 1873.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—Postal cards are not adapted for love letters. "Print thin."

—The Mountain House, Cresson Springs, is open for visitors June 15th.

—Court next week and week after. For mercy's sake don't forget the printer.

—John Tardin, of Coopersdale, was killed by lightning on Monday last, but it didn't hurt him much.

—There is a strike among the miners in Cambria county. They demand ten cents additional on each ton of coal mined.

—The Singer-Bolsinger-Jones-Latener string band has our thanks for a really enjoyable serenade. Come again, gents.

—Charles S. Wood, Esq., President of the Cambria Iron Company, died in Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening, aged 73 years.

—The brick dwelling house of Robert Patterson, in Warriorsmark township, Huntingdon county, was destroyed by fire last week.

—Grasshoppers may soon be expected. Winter hoppers are expected now—to take down all the new goods in the store, just to please the ladies.

—A rat struck an Altoona man named Hollenbaugh, on Sunday last, and broke one of his arms. His name and his arm will be shingled now.

—The card of Mr. James Noon, of Allegheny township, who offers himself to the miners' and laborers' candidate for Legislature, will be found among new announcements.

—When a man buys the *Voice* once he buys again." Yes, and if he don't want to please the Irishman's flea on him, he has to keep on buying clear through to the end of the chapter.

—E. F. Stutzman, a rail straightener at Johnstown rolling mill, was struck on the temple by a "set" which flew from a straightening machine, Wednesday morning, and was very severely injured.

—If we were able and willing to "shell out" financially, the manner of our getting the shell politically would probably elicit so much unfavorable comment as does in certain quarters we wot of.

—Hon. D. J. Morrell has invested $20 in Latrobe's *Vindicator* for the benefit of the orphans—a proceeding which Huntingdon *Journal* thinks is a little like the children, but a good thing for Morrell.

—D. A. Storm and C. McManamy, Esqs., Ebensburg, will sell at public sale, on Saturday of next week, a lot of household goods and farming implements, late the property of Peter Corrigan, dec'd, Allegheny township.

—"Gunner McPike" is not the least bit stuck, being possessed of no more cheek than he knows what to do with, and believe in having it paraded where seen, unlike Credit Mobilier stock, calculated to "do the most good."

—It is intended to say all and more than was said last week about our friend Jos. Slick, of Croyle township. We intend to say that he was an aspirant for the office of County Commissioner—a position he is well fitted and well deserves to fill. The new time table on the Pa. R. R. will make a "cliff of difference" in the arrival of trains on our Branch road. 6 o'clock a. m. and 7.10 p. m. being the time for leaving, and 9.10 a. m. and 10.30 p. m. for arriving at this point, as heretofore.

—During the prevalence of the heavy thunder storm which visited this section of the country on Monday afternoon, the electric fluid was conveyed on the telegraph wire into the Mountain House, at Cresson, and set fire to the building. Fortunately the flames were extinguished before doing much damage.

—We agree with the Altoona *Tribune* that a new enterprise of any kind, provided it is commendable one, should not be spoken of lightly, but when a man makes of his own enterprise, as Cham. Robbins does, what would the *Tribune* or other people do about it? Come, let us hear from you.

—An unknown tramp was struck by one of the early trains just a short distance west of New Florence, on Wednesday morning last, and died soon after. He was a stranger in that vicinity, and had nothing about his person by which his name or place of residence could be discovered. Nothing was seeking with vermin.

—George Huntley is sole agent in this county for the celebrated Etna Mowing and Reaping Machines, as well as for the celebrated Buckeye and Superior Mowers and Reapers, and he don't care who knows it. He hopes to reap a rich harvest in the sale of these valuable machines, and guarantees a full harvest to all who buy and use them.

—The Republican Convention of Blair county placed the following ticket in the field on Tuesday last: Assembly, Seth R. Sheriff, Alexander Bobb; Prothonotary, Joseph Fichtner; Commissioner, Clarke; Jury Commissioner, M. Poor House Director, Albert Auditor, A. Knox; Coroner, Isaac

—Father Murphy, nephew of Mr. John Murphy, now of Pittsburgh, and of Mr. J. Murphy, Johnstown, was run over Greensburg by a train of cars while he was employed as brakesman, a few weeks ago, and so badly injured that died in Pittsburgh on Saturday. He was an exemplary young man, and friends wherever known.

—On Tuesday evening a man named Sullivan, employed in the planing mill of the railroad company's lower shops, was assisting to move some lumber, when a lot of car-bumpers that had been piled up in the mill gave way and rolled upon him, catching his right arm between them and the planer, and causing a compound fracture of the bone below the knee and the ankle.

—Alexander Bobb—ed into the good graces of the Blair county Republican convention. Piper and all other aspirants for Sheriffalty, and as Blair county will know what was good for it politically, the probabilities are that he will be elected to the office just as easy. If there's any fluid—ed about it except the office Bobb will probably get over their huff and get out of the office.

—We are glad to learn, as we do from the Johnstown *Standard*, that our old friend, Hon. B. F. Hewit, one of the commissioners, is generally one of the best informed men in the State on the subject of pisciculture. We knew that Mr. Hewit was an old gentleman and a good lawyer, but we never thought he was a "heavy weight" on fish *scales*.

—We are pleased with adorning his store with one of the finest fronts in town. Chas. Roberts has just introduced into his jewelry establishment a new lighting house, and now revels in the effect of the best light at the lowest rate that ever flickered in Ebensburg. The arrangement for manufacturing this light on a Coleman's Pneumatic Gas Machine, and cost $200. It produces an excellent coal gas at less than $1.25 per thousand feet.

—Two tank cars filled with oil were burned near Wilmore on Tuesday evening, and another car similarly ladened shared a like fate at South Fork a short time after. Several cars loaded with oil were also destroyed by fire near George's Station on the same night.

—John Adamson, who was tried in Greensburg for the murder of Alexander Beveridge, was sentenced on Saturday afternoon, by Judge Logan, to eight years in the Western Penitentiary, to pay a fine of twenty-five dollars to the Commonwealth and costs of prosecution.

—The Johnstown *Democrat* announces by authority the name of Nathaniel Horne, Esq., of that place, as an aspirant for legislative honors at the hands of the Cambria Democracy subject to the decision of the county convention. Mr. H. is an unflinching democrat, an honest, upright and competent gentleman, and having done yeoman's service in the cause, he deserves well of the party. We do not urge his nomination—that is not our business—but if nominated and elected he will give a good account of himself.

—One of the first men we saw on Tuesday morning last was Mr. T. W. Shoemaker, who had a rifle in his hands and was on a hunting expedition for a couple of dogs which had cut the throats of thirteen of his sheep that morning, and then made tracks for the homes of their respective owners in this place. One of the dogs was found and shot to death, but the other is still in the land of the living and no doubt as much disposed as ever to "kill any sheep that goes to bite him." Only one of the sheep, so far as we know, has given up the ghost, but several of them will probably die.

—At the meeting on Friday night last the requisite committees were appointed for securing flowers and making all other necessary arrangements for the decoration of the graves of deceased soldiers, and this (Friday) afternoon the labor of love will be performed with all the ceremonies appropriate to the occasion. The orations will be pronounced at the Court House and at the respective cemeteries by T. W. Dick, R. L. Johnston, Geo. M. Reade and Wm. H. Sechler, Esqs. All persons wishing to participate are invited to meet at the Court House at one o'clock, from whence the procession will move in the following order: Clergymen and orators, silver cornet band, decorating committee, soldiers, Dauntless fire company, pupils of Mt. Gallitzin Semi nary, citizens and others—first visiting the Catholic and then the other cemeteries in the order of their location.

—On last Monday morning, William Freeman, James Coyle, Michael Dignan, and John Bigler, sometimes called John Kehoe, were arrested at Gallitzin by Sheriff Bonacker and others and brought to the jail in this place. They were arrested in pursuance of an information made against them by William Dixon, in which he charges them with having committed an assault upon him, thereby putting him in fear of personal injury. It is not alleged that any battery upon him was committed. Dixon is a foreman or boss under the contract or with the Pennsylvania Rail Road Company for arching the tunnel, and the men arrested were in the employ of Mr. Campbell, who has the contract with the same company for widening the bed of the railroad west of Gallitzin for an additional track. All of the defendants except Dignan were discharged from prison on Monday afternoon by entering bail for their appearance at Court on Monday next to answer the charge preferred.

JOHNSTOWN, May 26, 1873.

H. A. MCPIKE—*Dear Sir:* Is it true that you have withdrawn your name as a candidate for County Treasurer? My reason for asking is that a *card* of yours for the same office in this end of the county has positively assured several of your friends down here that you told him (your Conemaugh rival) that you had withdrawn from the contest. I gave it the flattest contradiction I could, feeling confident that you intend to fight it out to the end. I consider it mean and cowardly for one candidate to willfully lie about any of his rivals, but at the same time am confident that instead of helping it is well calculated to weaken his own chances among fair-minded and honest men. If required, I am ready to give names.

Yours, &c., FAIR PLAY.

In reply to the above, we need only say that we never intimated to any one, directly or indirectly, that we intended to withdraw from the canvass, and we are sorry to think that such a miserable falsehood could be invented for the purpose of alienating from us the support of those who might otherwise be our friends in the present emergency. We have always looked upon our rivals in the race as honorable, high-minded men, and the gentleman to whom our correspondent unmistakably points has at all times heretofore manifested a kindly and manly feeling towards us. That he should misrepresent us now is one of the most difficult things possible for us to realize, but we sincerely trust that it was done through a misconception of facts, and not through any willful desire to injure us in hopes of advancing his own interests. Two of our opponents are making a thorough canvass of every portion of the county, as they have a perfect right to do. As for ourself, we have not the time to spare for that purpose, as absence from home for any length of time would necessitate the stopping of the *Freeman*, and therefore have to depend in a great measure upon the generous efforts of our personal friends and upon fair play at the hands of our opponents. We have as much right to ask for an office as any other man, and the county convention has a perfect right to grant or refuse our petition. In either event we shall faithfully abide by its decision. The ticket will receive the cordial and unqualified support of the *Freeman*, no matter whether our name is on it or not, but if we are defeated for the nomination we insist that it shall be done fairly and squarely, and not by any misrepresentation of our position or prospects. We shall use no such weapons to secure our nomination, and we have a right to expect that they will not be used against us.

SUDDEN DEATH OF AN ESTIMABLE YOUNG MAN.—On Wednesday about noon the sad and startling intelligence was telegraphed to our townsman, Wm. Kittell, Esq., that his son Frank, a student at St. Michael's Theological Seminary, near Pittsburg, had suddenly expired on that morning. It may well be conceived that this melancholy news fell with a crushing weight upon the family and friends of the deceased, who was as pure-minded, gentle, amiable and exemplary a young man as ever drew the breath of life. But not alone in his own home, but in the entire community has the sad intelligence produced a feeling of sincere sorrow, for to know Frank was to esteem him highly for his many noble qualities of mind and heart. The deceased was between 17 and 18 years of age. His father departed for Pittsburgh soon after receiving the dispatch, and although he has not returned with the remains up to present writing, we have no doubt the time of funeral will be made known before our paper goes to press. This is the first death in the family—a fact which adds poignancy to the grief of his bereaved relatives.

P. S. Since putting the above in type, we learn that the funeral will take place at 9½ o'clock this (Friday) morning, and that solemn High Mass will be celebrated by the brother of the deceased, Rev. F. Kittell, of Loretto, and the funeral sermon preached by Rev. S. Wall, President of St. Michael's Seminary. The friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

Local Correspondence.

CHERRY TREE, May 19, 1873.

DEAR FREEMAN—After an absence of almost eleven weeks, during which time your correspondent has been "rafting," I find myself once more at "home, sweet home," and having had one day's leisure, in which to look around and become acquainted, I feel it incumbent on me to give a sketch of my late wanderings and the incidents connected therewith. I have made two through trips from this place to Marietta. The first, occupying almost eight weeks, was remarkable for nothing save cold and stormy weather, high water, and a perfect jam. Arriving at home on Wednesday evening, April 30th, we only had time to make a few hurried preparations for the next flood, and on Saturday it came. On Sabbath, May 4th, we left the Tree on our second trip, and it is of this one I wish more particularly to speak, it having been so replete with pleasant incidents that I look back upon it as the most enjoyable trip I ever experienced, save and except of course that memorable one to the land of luscious peaches, where the "sands of life," or life among the sand, unlike the timber in this region, will never run out.

The raft upon which I took passage was run by Mr. M. R. B. Creery, of this place, a thorough pilot and a king among watermen. His crew consisted of six jolly, good-hearted boys, always ready for fun and frolic, and just as ready for work when necessary. In addition to these, Prof. A. M. Creery, the blind musician, accompanied us as passenger. Our cabin, I will venture to say, was one of the most comfortable that ever floated down the river. The sleeping apartment was well provided with robes, while the culinary department, under the skillful management of E. B. M'Cormick, was *au fait*. With fair weather, a band of music, consisting of four performers, on board, the stars and stripes floating from the peak of our shanty, and our table well supplied with all the substantials and luxuries of the season, we made a very quick and very pleasant run to Marietta, landing in that place on the morning of the eighth day out. To enumerate the many pleasant incidents of our trip would require too much time and space. Suffice it to say, that wherever we went our flag and music were received with cheering and hearty expressions of good feeling. At one point in particular the scene was amusing. A short distance below the mouth of the Susquehanna, while floating near the railroad we perceived some four or five hundred laborers engaged in laying a new track. The instruments were immediately ordered out, and naturally supposing them to be natives of the Green Isle, we gave them St. Patrick's day in the morning. The effect was magical. From one end of the line to the other, picks and shovels were dropped or hung suspended in the air, while the listeners showed their appreciation by either cheering or indulging in a true Irish jig. The scene was one we shall not soon forget, yet but one among many. On Sabbath evening we passed the city of Harrisburg, just as the church bells were ringing for evening services. Their sweet tones, as they reached us upon the waters, sounded strangely grand and solemn, and long after they had ceased and twilight had fallen, we sat there upon the raft, floating along upon the moonlit wave, no one caring to break the silence, but each one appreciating and silently enjoying the calm beauty of the night. I thought if this be rafting, I could wish it would last forever. Arriving in Marietta the following morning, the boys indulged in a regular break-down upon the raft to the no small amusement of the good people of Marietta. Leaving the river with the flag at the head of our procession, we put up with that prince of landlords, Mr. Geo. W. Heckrothe, where all our physical wants were supplied in first class style. On Tuesday evening, previous to the departure of our crew for home, we made a public presentation of our flag to Mr. Geo. W. Heckrothe, Mr. P. Kinports in very neat and appropriate address presenting the flag, Mr. Heckrothe receiving it and responding in a similar manner. Mr. John Chase, of Clearfield, then addressed the company, his remarks possessing the most hearty good humor among all parties. The occasion was a very pleasant one, and the sentiment of each one of our crew is that wherever that flag be found next spring we will rally around it. George needs no better sign-board than that.

On Thursday morning, your correspondent, in company with P. Kinports and Jno. Bell, Esq., started for a trip to Port Deposit. This being a portion of the river I had never seen, and having heard so much of its rough water and splendid scenery, you may very naturally suppose that I felt quite elated at the prospect of having my curiosity in this particular gratified. Although I had heard many glowing descriptions of this part of the route, and formed in imagination some idea of what it was like, I must say that I was more than gratified in finding that the reality far exceeded my most sanguine expectations. And just here, Mr. Editor, permit me to say that I feel my inability to give you even a faint idea of the grandeur or magnificence of the scenery that which we passed. There are times, I believe, when admiration can be best expressed by silence, and such I feel it to be in this case. We left Marietta at five o'clock in the morning, provided with a splendid lunch prepared by our kind and thoughtful hostess. Passing Columbia Dam, where the shad fishers were busy at work, we soon reached Turkey Hill, where we began to realize the nature of the water between Marietta and Port Deposit. To the uninitiated the scene at this point is well calculated to bring a feeling of terror. The raft, going at break-neck speed, is hemmed in apparently by huge rocks, between which no outlet is visible until after whirling around the sharp angle of a stupendous rock we find ourselves in another basin similar in character to the first; and thus it continued for upwards of a mile before we felt free to draw a long breath, inspect our lunch basket and note the magnificent scenery on our left. The channel for rafts is close to the left hand shore the entire distance, thus affording one an opportunity of viewing the finest scenery along the river. Tall cliffs of solid rocks rising perpendicular from the water's edge to the height of several hundred feet, crowned with the bright green foliage of early spring and this interspersed with the beautiful pink and white blossoms of the wild peach and juniper trees, thus combining as it were the grand with the beautiful, furnished food for our greedy eyes for many a mile. Here and there little streams came rushing, tumbling and falling over the rocks, forming such beautiful miniature cascades and waterfalls that we could not repress our exclamations of delight as new beauties presented themselves to the vision, each recurring one seeming more beautiful than that which had preceded it. So entranced were we with the scenery along shore that we almost forgot to notice the river, which is a strange feature in itself. Accustomed as we are to running rafts by the lead of the water, we could not understand how the Port pilots could run so skillfully where there are no leads, the water seething, boiling and rushing in every direction. At times its surface would be calm and smooth—a moment after it would be in the wildest commotion, a huge boil coming to the surface and throwing the water off in all directions, only to encounter and be thrown back by other boils, thus causing it to roll and toss until the eye ached in the vain attempt to follow the course of the water. One remarkable boil of this kind is called Fry's. [A Fry and a boil both, eh? —ED.] Cutting sharp around a huge rock, our raft lay close up to shore for a moment; then it was lifted up as it were and carried out several hundred feet on one of those immense swirls; and woe to the raft that is caught outside of these limits, for total annihilation on the rocks below must surely be its portion. Many other places of interest were passed, among which "Escheiman's Falls," "The Bull's Eye," "The Hangman," (a huge rock under which in low water a raft must pass so closely that a person is forced to lie down in order to escape it,) "Conestoga Falls," "The Molley Rock," and many others, are worthy of special mention. Just above M'Call's Ferry the river is said to be two miles wide, but from that point to the Ferry it narrows so rapidly that at the latter place a man can easily cast a stone across it. Imagine if you can, Mr. Editor, what its depth must be at that point. We did not attempt to touch bottom, convinced as we were that there was no pole on the raft long enough for the purpose. I could determine its depth more accurately perhaps by supposing that the river of two miles' width just above runs into this abbreviated opening edgewise. At this point can be distinctly seen the road which Washington is said to have had constructed at the time of his famous passage across the Delaware. The road, which seems to be about ten feet wide and fourteen inches deep, is cut in the solid rock and runs down to the water's edge. A few minutes before two o'clock, p. m., we crossed the State line into Maryland. From here down the country presents a more open appearance on the right, while to the left we passed several stone quarries, said to be the finest in the State. Along the base of the cliffs upon our left runs the proposed line of railway from Port Deposit to Marietta. Engineers and laborers were busy at work upon it, presenting to our mind another notable example of that perseverance and energy so characteristic of the American people. More than ten millions of dollars have already been expended in the construction of this road, and yet it is not half completed.

Reaching Port at 3 o'clock, we refreshed the inner man with a cup of tea, took a turn through the town, and then embarked on board the evening train for Perryville, where we found to our great chagrin that we would be forced to wait almost four hours for a train to Philadelphia. Looking about us for some means to while away the time, we decided to pay a visit to Watson's Island, at the head of the Bay. We accordingly procured a boat and rowed across, the main object of our visit being to witness the process of catching herring. The fishery of Cole & Bailey, situated upon this island, is quite an extensive one, there being at that time, by rough estimate, between fifteen hundred and two thousand barrels of herring in the packing shed. They also catch a great number of shad, mullets, perch and hickory shad, yet none are packed except herring. From our position on the island we had a splendid view down the Bay. To the right the town of Havre de Grace could be distinctly seen. Further down the Bay the lighthouse loomed up in the gathering darkness, while the surface of the Bay seemed dotted over by the lights of the numerous gill-nets floating upon the water. Time would not permit us to remain long enough to see them make a haul, so quitting the island, we were soon on board the train, and in three hours thereafter we were safely housed at the St. Cloud Hotel, Philadelphia.

Friday evening, after having spent a busy day in the city, we left for home, where we arrived "right side up with care" on Saturday evening, extremely well pleased with our trip, having traveled on a raft from the head of the West Branch of the Susquehanna River to Chesapeake Bay, accomplishing the entire distance, nearly five hundred miles following the windings of the river, in seven days exactly.

I must say, in conclusion, that the river at this point (Cherry Tree) looks rather unnatural, if I may be allowed the expression. No timber, no logs, no lumber of any kind upon its banks, it looks now as it has not looked for the past fifteen years. And now that our lumber is all in market, we may look for better, brighter times than we have had for the past few years. We may hope at least that we are now to have a glimpse of the silver lining to the financial cloud which has so long enveloped us in its folds.

Should time permit, after I have looked up some local items, you may hear from me again. TISHEMINGO.

JOHNSTOWN, May 27, 1873.

DEAR FREEMAN—The editors of Johnstown, or some of them, are trying who can make the most cowardly assault upon each other. Now editors don't do that in China. The way they settle their differences in my country is in this wise: They dare not assault each other through the papers, but each one is furnished with a saw and an auger, and whenever can saw off the other's head, bore a hole through the editorial brain, and stick it upon a long pole for the gods to laugh at, is considered the victor, and also the best editor. This is a humane way of settling little disputes, compared with the Johnstown method.

Politicians are as thick around here as grasshoppers in Texas.

"Never stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
But another vulture follows," etc.

I do wonder if these fellows think that men will vote the more readily for them, that they swarm round them like bees around a molasses barrel? I would much rather vote for an honest man that stays at home and sets type and prints the news.

I suppose you are going to support the ticket, whether nominated for Treasurer or not. In that event I think it would be a good time just now for your friends to make an effort to extend the circulation of the *Freeman*. Let every subscriber get one new patron. The campaign will be an interesting one, and the fall election will be hard fought. Now, I will agree to get my new subscriber, and I trust that about one thousand more Democrats will do likewise. Let the politicians *take a hand*. They are good at turning up *trumps*. They might each shuffle a *toe-spot* for the printer and editor who keeps the soul and body of the party together. If they do not aid in giving strength to the party organ, some of them might be *euchred* out of an office, and then they would have to resort to *office-keepers*, or else take to *arithmetic*, which would be rather a dirty *spot* to *poke* themselves into. The number of offices to fill would indicate *seven-up* as the final result for the fortunate men who *aute-up so* as to secure the nominations, but not so fortunate for the others, who will then have to *throw up their hand*, while their more successful neighbors throw up their hats. Political nominations at any rate are a mere *game*, where the *dice* thrown *settle* a few men into notoriety, while the majority can neither *see them* nor *do better*. I am willing to give Ebensburg a *Jack* if they go *Horne*. The editor of the *Freeman* ought to gain in *Chess*, for he moves so many *Knights* (Lights) in his office. At any rate, if I go up as a delegate I intend to *score* for the editors. My game is *whist*. If you feel sore after the convention, just put a little *Lint-on*. If you feel it in your bones, try some *Bone-setter* till it *Burns*. There is no danger to be apprehended from that little *Girl, eh?* One thing is sure, whoever occupies the *Heights* has the vantage ground. I wouldn't play *crack-loo* for any of your small offices. Perhaps "thrift may follow fawning," but it should not.

There is some stir here about "Decoration day," and there will be a fair demonstration on that day if the weather should prove fair.

There are two lucky numbers in Johnstown on Clinton street, viz: 101 and 103. John F. Barnes drew 101 and consequently is doing an immense business in the clothing line, and Wm. P. Patton, No. 103, is doing full as well in the furniture line. You ought to hear the collision when their wagons meet, one filled with clothing and the other with furniture. They telescope—sure—and the pieces fly up to the top of Green Hill, "higher nor a kite." Summer clothing and summer, spring mattresses—that's what they sell. If any man wants to go to heaven just let him buy a suit of new clothes from Barnes and jump on one of Patton's spring-bottom mattresses. The tornado in Iowa is nothing to this. 2.40 miles an hour. That's what they say. Can such things be an o'ercome as like a summer cloud without our special wonderment? PO YANG.

ST. AUGUSTINE, May 26, 1873.

DEAR FREEMAN—After a three weeks' silence I have concluded, with your permission, to speak another little piece. Items are so scarce with us that it is impossible to write every week.

One week ago to-day the remains of two of our oldest and best citizens, John Neason and John Scherdon, were interred in the Catholic cemetery at this place. Mr. Neason had been afflicted with gravel for about two years, resulting in his death as above stated. Mr. Scherdon was stricken with paralysis, and died in about thirty-six hours after. I did not learn their ages, but suppose each of them to have been not less than sixty-five years old.

Harry Marlett, the dashing proprietor of the Washington hotel in this place, has purchased from Charles Dillon the large plank dwelling opposite his hotel, which he has had moved across the street and attached to the old stand, thus securing house room sufficient to accommodate every person and all his relations.

I forgot in my last to inform your many readers, and the travelling public in general, that our little town now sports a new board-walk from one extremity to the other. All who don't wish to walk on it, however, can pass along on the other side of the street. You pays your money and you takes your choice.

Our village was lit up a few days ago by the smiling countenance of A. D. Criste, of Munster township, who, by the way, is gaining popularity very rapidly as an aspirant for the Democratic nomination for County Treasurer. I feel confident, from my acquaintance with the gentleman named, that any one who works for him or votes for him will never have cause to blush for so doing.

Speaking of politics, allow me to say that my earnest hope is that the Democracy will act as a unit in the coming campaign, and as a preliminary thereto, I trust that equal and exact justice will be done in the nominating convention to the north and the south as well as to the centre of the county. If this is done all will be well. Let us remember the motto of our good old Commonwealth, "United we stand, divided we fall," and in remembering it let us take care that nothing occurs to divide and thus insure the defeat of our party next fall. That political disaster to the Democracy may be averted everywhere is the earnest prayer of TOM.

A SAD DEATH.—*Killed at the Steel Works.*—About four o'clock this afternoon a young man named John F. Aurandt, aged about twenty-six years, met with a fearful accident at the Steel Works, where he was employed, which resulted in his death about twenty minutes past five. He was engaged in wheeling some scrap in a wheelbarrow to one of the converters, and in returning backwards he forgot that the "chute," as it is called, had been lowered, and consequently he stepped over the trap, falling a distance of about thirty-four feet, striking his head against the springs that are attached to the elevator. The rear portion of his skull was fractured and one of the veins leading to the brain severed. He was able to speak after being picked up, but only in a rambling kind of a way, and shortly after being removed to his boarding house on Iron street, Millville borough, he relapsed into insensibility. Doctors Lowman and Walters were promptly summoned, but they immediately saw that medical aid would not avail. His injuries were of such a nature that no human skill could save him, and no attempt was therefore made to do anything for him. Shortly after being brought to his boarding house he expired. The deceased resided in Martinsburg, Blair county, and only commenced work at the Steel Works on Thursday of last week. He was a sober and industrious young man, and the sad manner of his taking off will intensify the grief of his relatives and friends.—*Johnstown Tribune, 26th.*

HALLOA there! are you aware that from Huntley, the fair dealer and square, you can buy the best of hardware, and home-made tinware, and all kinds of wood ware, besides every style of glassware, and groceries cheap, fresh and rare, at prices that will for cheapness compare with those of any like dealer here or elsewhere? If you don't know these facts, call at Huntley's big house-furnishing depot, Ebensburg, and you will soon see "how it is yourself;" but if you do know them and don't act on the knowledge, we can only say that you are standing very much in your light, and the sooner you get out of it the better for your pocket-book.

ANOTHER NEW DEPARTURE.—The subscriber, having failed to dispose of his entire stock of merchandise, is now receiving NEW GOODS daily, and will continue to sell to his old customers, and all others who may give him a call, at as LOW PRICES as heretofore. He further respectfully requests those who are indebted to the late firm of Zahm & Son to call and settle their accounts. Any who fail to do so before the first day of June next will find their accounts in other hands for collection after that date. *These accounts must be closed.* GEO. C. K. ZAHM.

Ebensburg, May 14, 1873-3t.

A HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.—With smiles that are sweet and a form that is neat, if your conduct's discreet, you can tempt young men to marry; but to add to the rest, you should always be dressed in goods cheapest and best, and—but just here let us tarry and invite the attention of our young lady friends and the rest of womankind, as well as mankind, to the fact that M. Bossert & Co., corner of Main and Franklin sts., Johnstown, keep just the kind of goods that will suit all tastes and please all buyers in the matter of texture, quality, beauty and price. Go, see.

HEAVEN bless S. J. Hess, who, with his brother, keeps goods so fine in the clothing line, unsurpassed by any other. Their store complete is on Main street, in famous Johnstown borough, where all will find treatment kind and never know a sorrow for having bought a bumkum lot of clothing cheap to-morrow, to-day, or at any other time, for be it known that their store, 241 and 243 Main street, is now filled to repletion with the first invoice of elegant clothing, etc., for the spring trade, that has yet reached that city.

WHEN Dame Nature begins to don her mantle of green, and the other dames and damsels commence thinking about a change of raiment suitable to the genial season now approaching, then will all feminine eyes and many feminine footsteps be turned in the direction of I. T. Coppock's renowned dress goods and dry goods bazaar, 212 Main street, Johnstown, which is *par excellence* the place to buy the choicest goods at the lowest prices.

SOME people may talk about the big stock of flour, feed and groceries they keep; and others may try to induce persons to buy by declaring they sell very cheap. Yet this bear in mind, nowhere will you find, though you seek o'er and o'er, better flour and feed, and other things that you need, than at E. J. Mills' cheap store. Try his choice teas.

THE RIGHT WAY.—The way to get rich is to spend less money than you earn, and the proper way to do this is to buy where you can buy the cheapest, and buy only what you need. Myers & Lloyd's great mercantile mart offers the best inducements to cash purchasers in this region. Goods very cheap, very select, and very abundant.

HYMENEAL.

REILLY—M'CORMICK.—Married, on Tuesday, 26th inst., in Allegheny City, by Rev. J. A. Miller, Mr. THOMAS E. REILLY, of Lewistown, and Miss LENORE M'CORMICK, of Johnstown.

I saw the summer streams
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
Beneath the sun's warm, genial beams,
In peace each other greeting.
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While little Reillys played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall best,
And summer's bloom and summer's stream
Around your bark shall meet!
Where every storm of life shall cease,
And little Reillys *ask a piece!* S. B. M.

OBITUARY.

NEASON.—Died, at his residence in Clearfield township, on Sunday, 18th inst., Mr. JOHN NEASON, aged 70 years.

It is with deep regret we have to record the death of this estimable citizen. For upwards of sixty years he has been a resident of the northern portion of this county, and was closely connected and identified with its interests. During his last illness he suffered intensely and almost constantly. His patience, resignation and unflinching faith through all his sufferings were indeed edifying. His remains were followed to their last resting place in St. Augustine's cemetery, on last Tuesday, by his sorrow stricken wife and relatives and by the largest concourse of citizens we ever witnessed at a funeral in this vicinity. May his soul rest in peace! CLEARFIELD.

PARRISH.—Died, in Allegheny township, on Friday night last, Mrs. CATHARINE PARRISH, widow of Jos. A. Parrish, aged about 73 years.

The deceased was the mother of Mr. Silas A. Parrish, engineer on the Branch road, and was a most exemplary woman. She lived a good life and died a happy death. *Requiescat in pace.*

CARD.—THE MINERS' AND LABORERS' CANDIDATE.—At the solicitation of many friends, particularly those of the laboring class, I hereby announce myself as the Miners' and Laborers' candidate to represent Cambria county in the Legislature of Pennsylvania at the next session, and shall, if elected, discharge the duties of that office honestly and faithfully. JAS. NOON.

Washington Twp., May 28, 1873.

IS PURELY A VEGETABLE PREPARATION, composed simply of well-known ROOTS, HERBS, and FRUITS, combined with other properties, which in their CURATIVE effects Aperient, Sudorific, Diuretic, Alterative and Anti-Bilious. The whole is preserved in a sufficient quantity of spirit from the SUGAR CANE to keep them in any climate, which makes the

PLANTATION BITTERS

one of the most desirable Tonics and Cathartics in the world. They are intended strictly as a

Domestic Tonic,

only to be used as a medicine, and always according to directions.

They are the sheet-anchor of the feeble and debilitated. They act upon a diseased liver, and stimulate to such a degree, that a healthy action is at once brought about. As a remedy to which Women are especially subject, it is surpassing every other remedy. As a Spring and Summer Tonic, they have no equal. They are a mild and gentle Purgative as well as Tonic. They Purify the Blood. They are a splendid Appetizer. They make the weak strong. They purify and invigorate. They cure Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Headache. They act as a specific in all species of disorders which undermine the bodily strength and break down the animal spirits.

Depot, 52 Park Place, New York.

LYON'S KATHAIRON

Only 50 Cents per Bottle.

It promotes the GROWTH, PRESERVES the COLOR, and increases the Vigor and BEAUTY of the HAIR.

OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO LYON'S KATHAIRON FOR THE HAIR was first placed in the market by Professor E. Thomas Lyon, a graduate of Princeton College. The name is derived from the Greek "KATHRO," signifying to *cleanse, purify, rejuvenate, or revive.* The favor it has received, and the popularity it has obtained, is unprecedented and incredible. It increases the GROWTH and BEAUTY of the HAIR. It is a delightful dressing. It eradicates dandruff. It prevents the Hair from turning gray. It keeps the head cool, and gives the hair a rich, soft, glossy appearance. It is the same in QUANTITY and QUALITY as it was over a QUARTER of a CENTURY AGO, and is sold by all Druggists and Country Stores at only 50 **Cents per Bottle.**

Woman's Glory is Her Hair.
LYON'S KATHAIRON

STATEMENT of the Auditors' Settlement with the Supervisors of Chest Township for the year 1872:

NICHOLAS HELFRICH, Supervisor.... DR.

April 26, 1873.		
To amount of Duplicate of Road Tax on Seated Lands		$ 280 57
To amount of Unseated Land Tax received		681 01
		$1,061 58
CR.		
By Tax worked out on Roads	$369 57	
" pers. and services	68 27	
" amount paid T. B. Scanlan, Attorney fees	25 00	
" Cambria Freeman, printing	5 00	
" plow furnished Township	10 00	
" materials, etc.	12 87	
" amount paid John Thomas, Supervisor	20 00	
" amount paid Jacob Deitrich, Auditor	3 00	
" do. Baltzer Helfrich, Aud'r	3 00	
" do. Jacob Kirkpatrick, Aud'r	3 00	
" do. Jas. M'Cahey, for work	12 51	
" do. Supervisor for 1874	556 15	
" collusion on $125.80 pd. out	3 47	$1,061 58

JOHN THOMAS, Supervisor, ... DR.

April 26, '73—To amount of Duplicate		$ 379 68
To order on N. Helfrich		37 40
		$ 416 08
CR.		
By am't Work done on Roads	$322 68	
" personal services	57 00	
" cash rec'd from Taxables	37 00	$ 416 68

WE, the Auditors of Chest Township, certify the above to be a correct statement of the accounts of said Township.

JACOB KIRKPATRICK, }
JACOB DEITRICH, } Auditors.

Attest—PAUL YAHNER, Clerk.
Chest Twp., April 26, 1873. [5 29-6t.]

LICENSE NOTICE.—Petitions for LICENSE to be presented at June Sessions, 1873:

TAVERN.

Clearfield Twp.—H. Marfels, G. A. Breidenstine, George Tecklenburg, Mich'l Snyder, Frank Kintz.
Carrolltown Borough—Paul Ewanger, Andrew H. Haag, Lawrence Schroth.
Chest Township—Thomas Ott, Geo. Crook.
Chest Springs Borough—Silas A. McGough.
Ebensburg Borough—John Fitzharris, West Ward; R. F. Linton & Son, East Ward.
Gallitzin Township—Michael Fitzharris, W. B. Macomber, Michl. McMorris, Mathew Dignan, M. F. Kelly, Margaret Kane.
Loretto Boro'—Florian Bregele, F. X. Hale.
Summitville Borough—John C. Roland, Wm. Linton, Christian Reich.
Washington Township—Christopher Robine, George W. Mullin, Mrs. Annie Murphy, Jacob S. Rebo.
Wilmore Borough—George Weinroth, Joseph Horner, Valentine Maltzie.
White Township—John Younkin.

EATING HOUSE.

Carrolltown Borough—Julius Steich, Henry Blum.
Ebensburg Borough—Michael Lafferner.
Munster Township—Christina Bell.
Washington Township—M. B. McLaughlin.
Wilmore Boro'—John Schroth, Peter Bronze, Patrick F. Kirby.

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, May 5, 1873.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.

Cooking Stoves,
Heating Stoves,

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is now prepared to carry on the manufacturing of all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality, and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of pat

A FAITHFUL DOG.

The Missouri *Republican* relates the following dog story: A certain lawyer in San Francisco has a wife, a nurse girl, a whole houseful of small children and a large Newfoundland dog as a playmate for the little ones. It was not known until lately that the dog had any other merits than a doggish attachment to the family, a kind, playful disposition, and a good appetite. A startling exigency arose, and he became the brave defender of that family.

The lawyer has a near neighbor, whose wife is afflicted with a mild type of insanity. The unfortunate woman was supposed to be perfectly harmless and her husband kept her with him. She was an object of mournful interest in the neighborhood, and her vagaries often amused the children. Nobody ever thought of her becoming dangerous. One day when the lawyer was at his office, and his wife was out shopping, and the children—left in charge of the nurse girl—were romping with the dog—there was a violent knocking at the door, which startled the whole house. The nurse girl went to the door, and the children crowded around her, and the dog was there too, with an expression of interest on his countenance. When the door was opened the crazy woman forced her way into the hall, looking very much excited. She talked and looked wild, and was evidently raving mad.

The dog knew her, and appearing also to know that there was something wrong on foot, he crowded in between the affrighted children and the visitor and commenced barking. The nurse girl, not being alarmed, told him to "get out." The maniac woman, it seems, took the remark as addressed to her, seized the girl by the hair, and dragged her down, and finally clutched her throat and commenced strangling her. The girl was powerless in the hands of the maniac, and the children ran screaming. The dog, not liking the course matters had taken, sprang at the mad woman with open jaws and fastened upon her. She loosened her hold of the prostrate girl, and made her way to the door in charge of the dog. She stepped outside, and the animal let her go. The nurse girl then bolted the door, and the now doubly enraged woman began to throw stones and break windows, and finally got an ax and commenced hewing down the door. The house was in the suburbs, and no policeman was near. The girl locked the terrified children in a back room, and leaving the dog to guard the house, went out by a back door and hastened to the lawyer's office.

The mad woman, hearing the children shrieking in the back part of the house and the barking of the dog in the same direction, left the front door and went around to the rear of the house. She saw the children's faces huddled together in the window, and made a fresh attack. She broke the window all to pieces and tried to get in by it, but the opening was a little too high and she had no ladder. The terror of the children during this scene can probably be imagined. They heard their friend, the dog, at the door outside, and the door faithfully stayed, protesting against the riotous proceedings with his deep-toned voice. Presently the baffled maniac made her way through the back door with her ax, and stood face to face with the foe that had previously forbidden her the house. He lay couching at the children's door, and there the lawyer found him when he came with a sufficient force to raise the siege. In a few hours the mad woman became as quiet and inoffensive as ever, but there has been a neighborhood meeting to consider the propriety of reporting the danger and having her sent to an asylum. That dog, doubtless, thoroughly enjoyed his next play time with those children.

"THE STIGMATA" IN SAN FRANCISCO.—There has been of late a recurrence of the phenomena known as "the stigmata," or the appearance on the human body of wounds corresponding to those of the Saviour at the Crucifixion, on the person of Miss Sallie Collins, a young woman of San Francisco, whose previous experience, six or seven weeks ago, attracted so much attention. "The stigmata" is a strange fact, which is chronicled in the records of the Catholic Church, and its appearance is regarded by churchmen as a miracle. There are instances of its occurrence at intervals in the annals of the Church, and it is therefore no new thing under the sun. The person so visited undergoes, in a state of unconsciousness, the physical agonies of extreme pain, and the ecstacy of heavenly visions, while on the hands and feet, and in the side of the body, appear real wounds, from which blood issues, and which correspond to the wounds in the body of the Saviour. The case of Miss Collins is certainly a curious one, and has so far baffled the understanding of all who have witnessed her spasms, her excesses of anguish, the rapture of her blissful visions, and the minute bleeding wounds in the palms and on the backs of her hands, and in the soles and on the top of her feet. The wounds in her hands are about as large as a pin-head, and the blood is dried upon them; those on the feet are somewhat larger and bear the same traces of blood. The wounds first appeared upon Good Friday, and since then Miss Collins has suffered with more or less pain on each recurring Friday. When not suffering from these attacks, Miss Collins' health is as good as need be. Her friends use every endeavor to keep her case from the knowledge of the public, but so much interest has been aroused by it that a committee of physicians, among the most eminent in the profession, are investigating the subject.

CAPTAIN A———, of Pittsburgh, gives the following instance of Irish wit: While on the Peninsula, during the war, I came across a private belonging to one of the most predatory companies of the Irish brigade, with the lifeless bodies of a goose and hen, tied together by the heels, dangling from his musket. "Where did you steal those, you rascal?" "Faith, I was marching along with Col. Sargeant Maguire, and the goose—bad 'cess to it!—came out and hissed the American flag." "But the hen, sir—how about the hen?" "The hin, bless ye, was in bad company, and laying eggs for the ribbels."

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Chest Springs, April 5, 1873.-6* [11-6m.]

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Old Time Militia Musters.

The following will recall to the memory of many of our readers the good old days when Militia Musters were held in Cambria and throughout the State:

After the war of 1812 had closed, there was for some years a lull in military affairs. The Legislature of this State, however, believed in the motto, "in peace prepare for war," and accordingly passed a stringent militia law, requiring every male citizen, subject to military duty, to give two days in the year to the Commonwealth. One of these days was Muster day and the other Review day. Muster day came on the first Monday of May all over the State. Review day was appointed by the militia officers, to suit the convenience of the Brigade Inspectors. On the first Monday of May every man had to repair to the place appointed for the meeting, "armed and equipped" for the glorious "pomp and circumstance of war." The arms usually carried were cornstalks, but sometimes a broomstick or a spiral woodbine cane, or a hickory stick, stupplied the place of a cornstalk. It was really amusing to witness a company going through a drill, shouldering arms, ordering arms, carrying arms, presenting arms, with these cornstalks, at the stentorian commands of the captain. Yet Muster day was nothing when compared with Review day. At the review all the companies of the brigade would assemble at an appointed place, marching in from every direction headed by martial music, consisting of a boartree fife and a home-made drum. It is almost impossible to describe the "tattered and torn" appearance of these fantastical militia men, for they vied with each other to appear as ridiculous as possible. But if "rank and file" was disfigured with coonskin caps, squirrel-tail plumes and snake skin belts, such was not the case with the militia officers.—Royalty in the palmiest days of old England, could not outshine these officers' uniforms. The finest broadcloths, the finest belts and the best swords the country could produce were bought for these occasions, and even "plumed conceit himself surveying" was not more dignified than a militia officer of fifty years ago. Pampered steeds, chafing the bit, caparisoned for the occasion, could be seen prancing in every direction, and as colonel, or brigade inspector, or major, would pass along the lines, the multitudes would doff their hats in mock reverence, and shout volumes of salutations. The review brought together thousands of people, of every age—men to distinguish themselves in war-like evolutions, and boys to look on, and to learn the trade of *sojering*. The public highways would be crowded with wagons; elderly ladies with baskets of ginger cakes, would occupy every fence corner, and the time that was not spent in fighting was spent in feasting. Whisky barrels were mounted in every conspicuous spot, like cannon on the ramparts of a fortress, and as evening would approach, the people would become really beligerent. All the little disputes and feuds of the preceding year were settled on review day. It was the custom then to threaten vengeance, for every imaginary insult, on review day. "Just wait till review day," was the expression, and every affair of honor was just as surely settled upon that day, as it was sure the day would come. I have witnessed fifty fights on one review day, and if it should happen that not more than twenty fights could be scared up, it was considered a dull day. Even militia officers would condescend to settle their little jealousies by a knock-down, when the duties of the day were over. Happy for mankind that muster day and review day have passed away, for they were the cause of much bloodshed, without any counter benefit, as unarmed militia, drilled only once a year, would have been poor defense in time of war.

HOW TO DO DOGS.—If you have a good dog that kills or runs sheep, and don't want to shoot him, build a pen 16 feet square and run a pole across the top, and then pick the largest and oldest buck of the flock, put him in the pen, get your dog with a collar around his neck, and a rope to draw up over the middle of the pole, so that the dog will have his fore feet swinging off the ground for a few inches. Get out of the pen, and let the buck give him several good butts, and then turn him loose. This is a sure cure. I tried it on my father's dogs when I was a boy, and never knew them afterwards to even cross a field where the sheep were grazing.—*Rural Sun.*

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And all other description of Work in that line.

Employing none but skillful workmen and using only the best materials, I feel confident I can give entire satisfaction in work, styles and prices.

Platform work done at short notice. Repairing of all kind attended to at reasonable rates. A Blacksmith Shop in connection with Manufactory. Call and see specimens of work.

June 22, 1872.-tf. D. M. CHUTE.

Murray & Dunn,

PROPRIETORS OF

PHŒNIX FOUNDRY AND STOVE WORKS,

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

HAVING purchased the establishment lately known as Enterprise Foundry, we are now prepared to manufacture

LIGHT CASTINGS of every description.

The Various Styles of Stoves manufactured at our establishment are in all respects equal to any in the market.

Steam Engines and all kind of Machinery promptly and satisfactorily repaired.

All our work is warranted to be exactly what it is represented. [Aug. 30.-tf.]

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

AMERICAN BONELESS SARDINES.

They have received Diploma for their merit wherever exhibited. Pronounced by all, the cheapest luxury of the age, valuable, and almost necessary to the table, to travelers, or at pic-nics. Packed in the best Olive oil of our own importation, in tin boxes finished same as the imported; and are sold at less than half the cost of French Sardines. Their delicious flavor and nutritious qualities recommend them to all classes. Sold by all first class grocers. Wholesale by

THE AMEAICAN SARDINE CO., April 4, 1873.-3m. 31 Broad St., N. Y.

STILL UP AND AT IT!

CABINET MAKING AND UNDERTAKING.

Thankful for past liberal favors, the subscriber desires to inform the people of Ebensburg and vicinity that he is still carrying on the business above named in all its branches, on High street, nearly opposite the Public School House. Substantially made Furniture of all kind sold at lowest figures. Coffins of any desirable size or finish furnished on short notice, and funerals attended to promptly and satisfactorily.

ROBERT EVANS.

Ebensburg, March 21, 1873.-6m.

GALLITZIN HOTEL,

GALLITZIN STATION, PA. R. R.

Having just purchased, refitted and refurnished this well known and commodious Hotel, the subscriber is fully prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage, and especially invites the attention of his friends in Cambria and Blair counties to this fact. Neither expense or pains will be spared to make all feel at home who sojourn with me. TERMS MODERATE.

M. FITZHARRIS, Proprietor.

Gallitzin, April 4, 1873.-tf.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!

FRANK W. HAY

Manufacturer,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet-Iron WARES,

AND DEALER IN

HEATING PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,

WASHINGTON STREET,

Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, IRON AND NAILS CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS, READY-MADE CLOTHING GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE, WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE.

PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.

WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

—ALL KINDS OF—

CABINET FURNITURE

Nos. 150 and 152 Union Street,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat Chairs,
Washstands,	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards.

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and hairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Hilliard Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.

Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

Andrew Moses, DRAPER & TAILOR, CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

LOOK SHARP AT THIS!

136. THE ONLY CATHOLIC 136.

BOOK & PERIODICAL STORE

IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.

M. P. MEAGHER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in STANDARD CATHOLIC WORKS of all kind, PRAYER BOOKS, BIBLES, HISTORICAL and CONTROVERSIAL WORKS, PERIODICALS, PICTURES, FRAMES, &c., &c., 136 Franklin Street, Johnstown, Pa. Will sell every article at Baltimore or Philadelphia prices. *A liberal discount allowed to the Rev. Clergy, Libraries, or those buying in large lots.* Books bound and Pictures framed at the lowest possible prices. All the Eastern Weekly Papers for sale.

136. Franklin Street, Johnstown, 136.

THE BIGGEST SHIP AFLOAT!

PERSONS going to Europe, or those sending for their friends to the *Old Country* ought to buy their tickets from M. P. MEAGHER, Agent for the celebrated National Line of Steamers to and from Europe. This Line is remarkable for comfort, speed and safety. Drafts for $1 and upwards sold at the lowest current rates. For further particulars call at MEAGHER'S BOOK STORE, 136 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa. [June 22, 1872.-tf.]

THE military [illegible] the Modoc war[illegible] in evading and [illegible] troops that [illegible] capture or annihilate [illegible] turned into a huge joke. All witticisms are invented wherein [illegible] olousness and farce of the Modoc nation appear, and the value and [illegible] of Captain Jack are distinctly [illegible] military adventures and [illegible] sort-of-way of dealing with [illegible] has aroused poetic inspiration [illegible] quarters, the following from the [illegible] *Courier-Journal*, and the latter [illegible] Neosho *Journal*, being "specimens [illegible]

LAVA-LINES.

Captain Jack, as you [illegible] And
With his Modocs three and [illegible]
For the troops of Uncle Sam [illegible]
Doesn't seem to care [illegible]
But, with Modocs thirty-three [illegible]
Dodges like the Prince [illegible]
Shooting little slugs of lead [illegible]
All around his lava bed [illegible]
Wrapping round his ragged [illegible]
Suits of stolen millinery [illegible]
Punctuating all his talk [illegible]
With his knife and tomahawk [illegible]
Begging his pale faced friends [illegible]
Mementoes in the shape of hair [illegible]
Stock to fill his cabinet [illegible]
When the battle's din is over [illegible]
Tramp Indian, Captain Jack [illegible]
"Right bower" of the Modoc [illegible]
Though five hundred troops are [illegible]
He'll not be caught—confound [illegible]

LAVA-LINES.

In Klamath, when the sun was [illegible]
The lava beds held Modoc [illegible]
Who dared to fight, and wouldn't [illegible]
For all the peace commissioners [illegible]

In truth, it was a gallant sight [illegible]
To see three thousand armed [illegible]
With guns and cannons, day and [illegible]
Fight fifty dirty Indians [illegible]

For every foot of lava bed [illegible]
They threw a pound of [illegible]
A ton for every Modoc dead [illegible]
In three weeks [illegible]

Fire, Gillem, all thy cannon [illegible]
'Till Scar-faced Chalee, [illegible]
And Captain Jack shall [illegible]
With all his bloody [illegible]

We'll bless you when you've [illegible]
The men and women [illegible]
And not a babe in [illegible]
Its hatred of [illegible]

For this is freedom's [illegible]
The heritage of all that's [illegible]
And the millenium's at hand [illegible]
With a few more scalps [illegible]

CURIOUS STORY ABOUT A [illegible]—A curious incident occurred a [illegible] a short distance from this [illegible] our well known merchants [illegible] on a visit to a friend, at whose [illegible] was a bright little boy, and [illegible] please the child, he manufactured [illegible] large kite, and as the wind was [illegible] enough, the kite was raised [illegible] it had gone up nearly half a [illegible] crowd of country people collected [illegible] it, as such a magnificent [illegible] been seen in that section. [illegible] the spectators were admiring [illegible] large hawk was seen [illegible] neighboring grove [illegible] the kite. The [illegible] few feet of the string, [illegible] then circled about [illegible] minutes, when he flew [illegible] again circled around several [illegible] denly he hovered directly [illegible] after looking at it intently [illegible] darted downwards, and [illegible] passed directly through the [illegible] out on the under side